

Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

1 Peso 50 Centavos

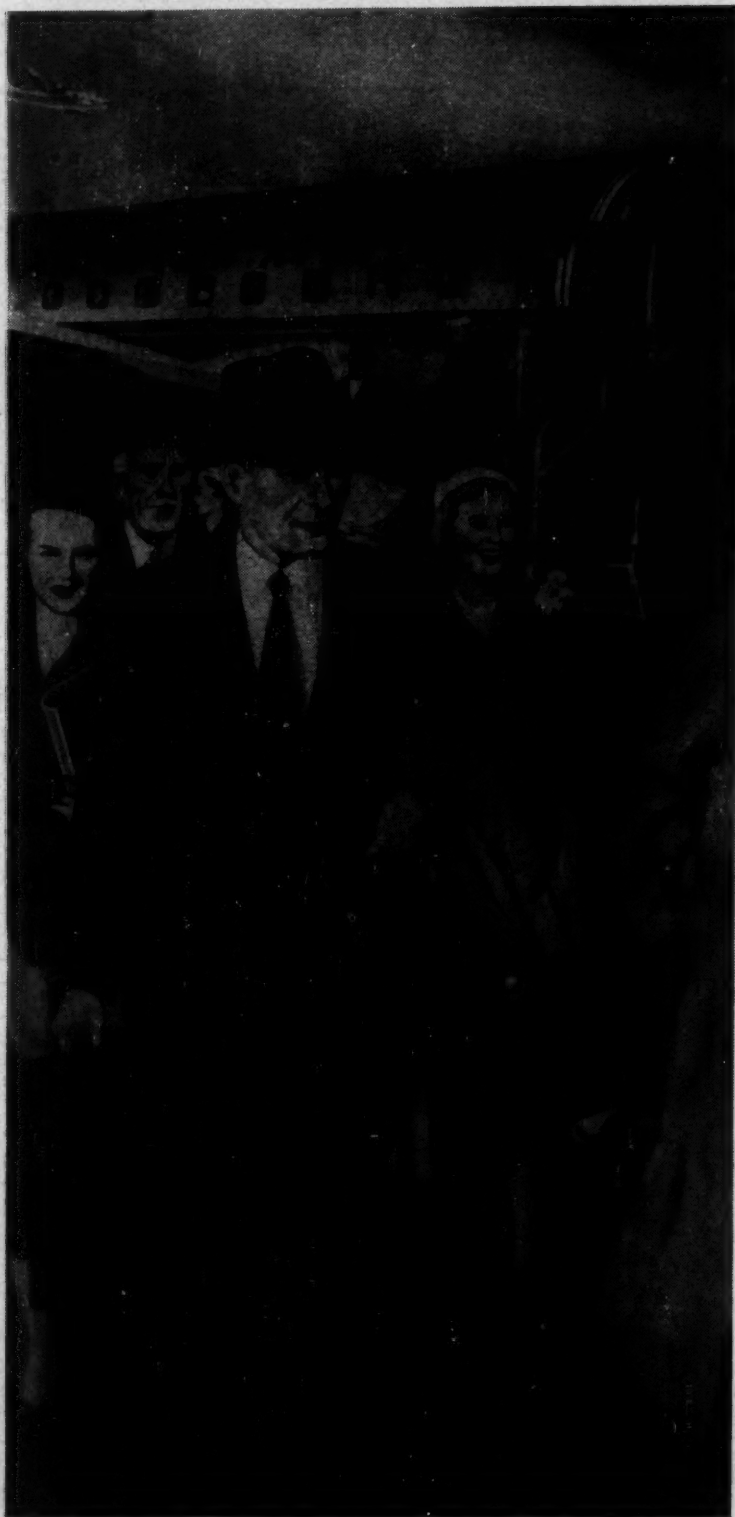
FOUNDED IN 1924
SEPTEMBER, 1950

No. 9, Vol. XXVI



A. C. NUÑEZ

THE LEADING AIRLINE BETWEEN MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES!



AA-1000

The Aztec
between MEXICO CITY
and NEW YORK
11 HOURS, 30 MINUTES

The Toltec
between MEXICO CITY
and CHICAGO
9 HOURS, 45 MINUTES

The Mayan
between MEXICO CITY
and LOS ANGELES
8 HOURS, 25 MINUTES



"The Aztec", "The Toltec" and "The Mayan" are three good examples of why more people TRAVEL AMERICAN than any other airline in the world.

American's famous DC-6 Flagships are the world's finest and most modern transport aircraft. In spacious seats beside big picture windows you relax in complete comfort as you gaze on spectacular scenery, like sunrises and sunsets above the clouds, or the twinkling of the multicolored lights of many of America's most interesting cities.

Also, American Airlines schedules offer the most convenient departure and arrival times, whether you choose to travel by day or night. So travel American whenever you go and let the Aztec, the Toltec and the Mayan introduce you to the finest air transportation to and from the United States, Canada and Europe.



America's Leading Airline

AMERICAN AIRLINES



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

DEWAR'S "White Label" WHISKY

THE *Right* LABEL

JOHN DEWAR & SONS, LTD.

Perth, Scotland

DISTRIBUTED BY

A. VELEZ & HIJO

Mesones 36

México, D. F.

Reg. 1753 "A" D. S. P.



Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

SEPTEMBER, 1950

Number 9, Vol. XXVI

	Page
THE PRESIDENTIAL REPORT. Editorial	9
BLOOD AND SAND AT NIGHT. Article. By Henry Albert Phillips	10
WOOD ENGRAVING. By Henry Glintenkamp	10
THIS IS MY HOUSE. Article. By Dorothy Romero	11
OIL. By Fernando Castro Pacheco	11
BITS OF TALK AND MUSIC. Article. By Hudson Strode	13
DRAWING. By Jose Antonio Rodriguez	13
PATTERNS OF AN OLD CITY. By Howard S. Phillips	15
MEXICO'S VAST PROGRESS IN COMMUNICATION. Article. By Stewart Morton	16
AT PUNTARENAS. Article. By Dana Lamb	21
PRES. ALEMAN INAUGURATES NUMEROUS WORKS INFEDERAL DISTRICT. Article. By Gerald Thornby ..	24
A PEOPLE IN SEARCH OF THEIR PAST. Article. By David Cort	27
RUINS CHICHEN ITZA. Photo. By Natl. Rys. of Mexico.	27
BELINGUAL FROM THE CRADLE. Article. By Robert Owens	29
DRAWING. By Leopoldo Macias Baez	29
MOUNTAIN WIND. Poem. By Helen Maring	30
ARMANDO GARCIA NUNEZ. Art Critique. By Guillermo Rivas.	31
UN POCO DE TODO	35
LITERARY APPRAISALS	36
CURRENT ATTRACTIONS. By Vane C. Dalton	41
ART AND PERSONAL NOTES	44

VISITORS IN MEXICO:

Carry back with you the most memorable
souvenir of your Mexican Visit

Subscribe to
Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

Now in its 26th year of publication.

A subscription to this unique magazine-the oldest and finest of its kind in all Latin America-will renew your Mexican impressions each month as well as contribute a great deal toward your knowledge of this country.

Use the coupon below and multiply your enjoyment of Mexico

Rates: in U. S. A. or Canada - Two Dollars 50 cents for one year, In Mexico 12.00 Pesos. In England and on the Continent, Five Dollars.

Mexican Life

Uruguay 3

Mexico City

Mexico

please send me "MEXICAN LIFE" for one year, starting with the _____ issue. I enclose \$_____ (check or money order).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Please send to the following names "MEXICAN LIFE" for one year, starting with the _____ issue.

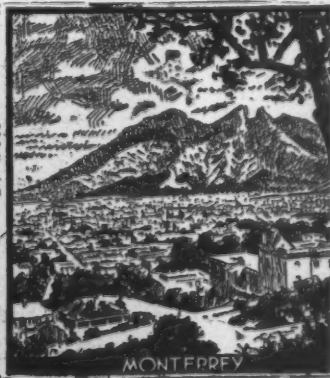
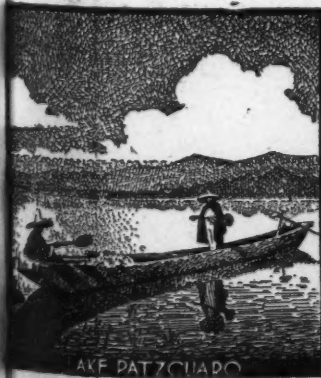
I enclose \$_____ (check or money order).

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____



Any time is

VACATION TIME

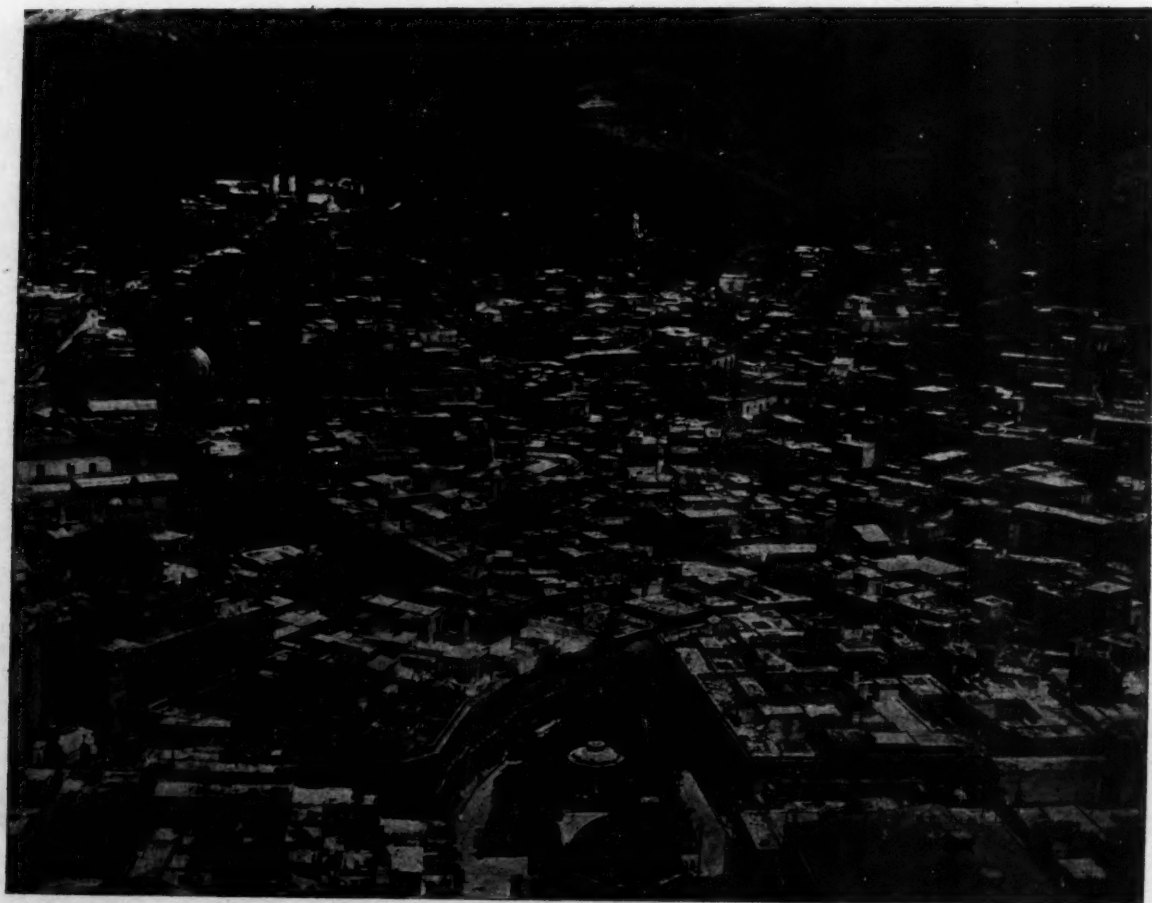
In

MEXICO

No matter what month of the year you choose for your visit you 'll find Mexico a fiesta land of things to do... places to see and beauty all around you!

That longed-for trip is now within your reach, easier than ever. New highways, new railways, new seaside resorts, new places off the beaten path now opened to recreation travel... these and more add to the thrill and practical enjoyment of visiting this gay, exotic land.

You 'll enjoy a *different* kind of vacation in Mexico amid an endless choice of playtime gems: Mexico City, a metropolis of unique old and modern architectural beauty, with its smartly appointed hotels, and every variety of entertainment your heart may desire... the enchantment of Acapulco, a Pacific Riviera... mellow old Veracruz on the Gulf... tropical Fortin de las Flores... the rejuvenating spas at Tehuacan and San Jose Purua... golfing at Cuernavaca... the fascinating valley of Oaxaca... Picturesque Taxco and Guanajuato whose ancient streets still preserve the tradition and architecture of Colonial Spain.





Yes... come to Mexico! Come by train, plane, or in your own car over gleaming, paved highways that within a few hours or less, lead you to towering heights at the foot of snow-capped volcanos, to the lush tropics, semi-tropics, or all-year temperate climes where everlasting Spring prevails.

Your vacation dollar brings 8.65 pesos in Mexico and it stretches so you can stay longer, travel further and enjoy yourself more now than ever before. Now is the ideal time to give yourself that promised trip to Mexico: a honeymoon land for any age!

For further information, write to

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Avenida Juarez 89

Mexico City, Mexico

Cable adress: DI-GE-TUR



There is no place nearer than the far West



All the glamour and the grandeur of the West are as near as the cabin of your LAMSA Mainliner . . . for now, LAMSA makes direct connections in Nogales, Ariz., with Frontier Air Lines to speed you comfortably and economically to all the West! This new gateway has been opened for your greater convenience . . . offering the most direct route . . . and amazingly low fares to Phoenix, Tucson and California.



SERVING THE
HEART OF MEXICO



LAMSA MAKES DIRECT CONNECTIONS WITH

FRONTIER AIR LINES IN NOGALES

LAMSA

AFFILIATED WITH UNITED AIR LINES

Mexican Life

Uruguay No. 3 Mexico City

Telephone: 12-59-78

Published on the first day of every month.

Registrado como Artículo de 2a. Clase el 22 de Octubre de 1927

Number 9

September 1st. 1950

XXVI

HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

EDITOR

The Presidential Report

EACH year, on the first day of September, the President of Mexico inaugurates the sessions of the Congress and Senate by rendering before their joint body a report on the progress achieved by his administration during the foregone twelve months. The extensive message delivered on this day by President Alemán, covering every phase of national endeavour, documented with illuminating statistical figures, actually represents a comprehensive summary of the social, economic and political situation governing the country at this time.

Faith and optimism, engendered by brilliant achievement, characterized the fourth annual report of President Alemán. "The march of Mexico is definitive," the President said. "The future of our country is in the heart of all our people. Therefore we are confident that national unity will be impregnable confronted by whatever problem and that in our patriotism we will know how to seek solutions which will serve the interests of all." In these words the President truly defined the creed and the practical policy which have guided his administration.

Heartily supported by the House of Representatives, by the state and federal governing bodies, and by the people at large, President Alemán has carried out his official program of cultural and material advancement, fulfilling the pledge he has made to the nation on his inaugural day. Assuming that his government has no other task or mission than that of efficient constructive administration—the planning and supervision of a day-to-day routine whose sole aim is to elevate and enrich the life of his people—he has followed this routine with indefatigable devotion, inspiring a like devotion on the part of his able collaborators.

An outline of the salient figures compiled in his report reveals the vast scope of the constructive task that is being achieved by his government.

In the realm of public education, which defines Mexico's basic social problem, the federal budget for the current year amounts to 317 million pesos, which is the highest figure on record. The nation has amply responded to the official campaign which was initiated in March of 1948, stressing the urgent need to construct school buildings, and through popular co-operation with the Federal Government a total of 2,043 new schools have been erected in different parts of the country, providing room for 621,260 students. 650 additional schools are under construction at this time.

The campaign to stamp out illiteracy is being continued at an undiminished pace, and the number of persons who have been taught to read and write since it was initiated has reached the figure of 3,221,156.

The Secretariat of Agriculture has supervised

the clearing of 260,000 hectares of land which has been delivered to colonists. New tillable areas that were opened during the foregone twelve months represent a figure of 400,000 hectares, bringing up the total cultivated area of the country to eight million hectares.

This important increase in tillable acreage has been largely responsible for the marked increase in agricultural production. Despite the insufficient rainfall in many sections of the country, the nation's corn crop amounted to 2,860,000 tons, which sufficed for all domestic needs and left a small margin for export. Approximately 200,000 hectares have been added to the planted area this year, which will bring up the corn crop to an estimated figure of 3,000,000 tons.

Wheat production was that of 587,000 tons, representing an increase of 84,300 tons over the previous year, and an exportable surplus of 40,000 tons. The cotton crop in 1949 reached the unprecedented figure of 903,000 bales, with an exportable surplus of 603,000, valued at more than 600,000,000 pesos. Due to increased planting it is calculated that this year's crop will exceed a million bales, with a probable export surplus of 700,000, valued at 850,000,000 pesos.

The Secretariat of Hydraulic Resources, developing its formulated plan of reclaiming soil by constructing systems of irrigation, invested in the course of the last twelve months the sum of 486,000,000 pesos in the completion of eight major projects in various parts of the country, which have placed 323,300 hectares of land under cultivation. Work is being continued on 19 major and 66 minor projects.

The signal task achieved by the Secretariat of Communications and Public Works, including the completion of the Sureste Railway and the great Juarez-Mexico City-Ciudad Cuauhtemoc Highway, is given a detailed description in a feature article which appears elsewhere in this magazine.

The record achieved by the Secretariat of Treasury provided another outstanding section in the Presidential report. Mexico's public debt has been reduced by timely negotiation from 557,000,000 to 50,450,000 dollars; international trade produced a balance of 573,000,000 pesos in Mexico's favor; commercial treaties made with European governments will enable this country to export goods to the amount of 1,496,000,000 pesos; federal revenues have exceeded by a considerable margin the amount of the national budget.

These are the highlights of President Alemán's extensive report; though the record achieved by every other branch of the federal government is equally impressive. The facts and figures contained in this report speak with glowing eloquence. They project concrete deeds, efficient endeavour, immediate achievements whose ultimate significance can be estimated in terms of future and permanent benefit to the nation.

Blood and Sand at Night

By Henry Albert Phillips

THE most tragic public entertainment I ever witnessed in Mexico was a "Comedy Bullfight," or so it was advertised. It proved to my satisfaction—so far as I was concerned—that all bullfights must forever be tragic. I have written at length, elsewhere, descriptions of the ordinary bullfight. The details are generally familiar. It is a colorful survival of Spain. Mexico has contributed little or nothing to the pageantry, the daring, the skill and the cruelty. It is still carried on with all the weighty formal etiquette of medieval Spain.

"The famous Mexicans Comedians, 'Medel' and 'El Chicote,' will be the matadores, in a hand-to-hand competition for the acquisition of the Grand Trophy, the ear of 'Cantinflas.' Eight more comedians will take part in this show," the handbill read.

It was an off-Sunday, with the Big Fight being held in Puebla, so the Burlesque Bullfight was staged in Mexico City's great concrete ring with twenty-five thousand capacity. The first half of the show compensated for any trouble taken. The famous Police Band, "comprising 94 professors," played exclusively Mexican music using those happy combinations of instruments—mainly strings and wood winds—and producing the most mellifluous results. The tempered sunshine within the great bowl, the flying Mexican flags, the small army of Mexicans soldiers distributed about, the great audience truly Mexican in its make-up, and finally the great band in the ring resplendant in their charro costumes with bolero jackets, red sashes and broad sombreros heavy with rich silver filigree.

At length "the thrilling laughing sensation" began, with the almost unexpected entrance of a lively

dangerous young black bull, before all the musicians had quite got out of the ring. The comedy picadores on horseback were taken by surprise and before they could be funny their horses were nearly gored to death by the ferocious young beast. The two matadores clowns could do nothing with the animal, so they exchanged their sticks for swords. One of them had the sword tossed out of his hand and his breeches nearly torn off, the bull's horn gouging a furrow through his buttocks. This was comedy to the foreign visitors, and we all laughed heartily. The Mexicans took it angrily. The bull had played them a scurvy trick. Then the clowns went after him with many circus antics which were interpolated with thrusts of their swords into the bull's side, the crowd roaring with mirth when he roared. Then the chosen matador assumed the conventional attitudes attending the killing. He made six attempts at the mortal thrust. It was plain torture, with nothing pretty or expert about it. Above all, it was a most unsportsmanlike performance. Six fine young animals were thus mangled, to the delight of the crowd.

A bullfight in Morelia at night offered a still better opportunity to show off Mexican crowd psychology and distinct novelty as well. My companion on this occasion was an ardent bullfight fan from the capital who—like a hundred thousand more of his kind—never missed a corrida. We found a mob in the open square on which the great amphitheater fronted: flare lights, a band—like that of a circus puller-in—and a milling crowd about the holes in the wall that served as box office. Despite the fact that it was night, sol and sombra tickets were being sold. Both

Continued on page 67



Wood Engraving.

By H. Glitsenkamp.



Oil.

By Fernando Castro Pacheco.

This is my House

By Dorothy Romero

Morning

MORNING and the sound of music... Someone in our small Mexican village is having a birthday, and the local musicians are doing their noisy best to celebrate the occasion with *mañanitas*, the customary dawn serenade.

The weezy band leaves something to be desired, perhaps, but the vigorous voices of the children are lovely. The tune is a gay, lilting one that rings in your ears for hours after, and the Spanish words are touchingly simple. The chorus rings out like this:

Awake, my precious, awaken,
Look how the dawn is breaking,
Already the birds are singing
And the moon is sinking.

As a matter of fact, it is considerably before dawn. It is only a little after four. Mingled with the music, I can hear soft sounds from the corral behind the house, the movement of the cows, the faint hiss of milk in the pail, and the muted voice of my Mexican husband, "Ahora, Zandunga!" Then the mild looing answer of Zandunga as she comes up for her turn in the milking.

After the singers have exhausted their repertory on our corner and have moved off, I return to bed. But at six I am on my way to the kitchen wing. The cook has asked for the morning off to attend a funeral and although Luis, my husband, had been non-committal, I was glad to grant her request. Good cooks, especially clean ones, are as hard to find in Mexico as anywhere else. Moreover, we pay her only thirty-five pesos a month or about four dollars in American money (plus food, of course) for which

she works a ten-hour day, seven days a week, doing the heavy laundry as well as all the kitchen work. It is the standard rate.

On the way to the kitchen, I pause to look at the corral and the hills beyond. For a moment, the eastern sky is a flagrant crimson and yellow over the mountains. Juan, the Indian peon, is trying to drive a stubborn cow toward the gate. His immaculate white Sunday calzones, beltless, merely folded over his slim hips, appear to be held up only by the grace of God. His new sombrero (for which we advanced the money yesterday) has a long braided cord and tassel in back, which makes him look rather like a Chinese from the rear. Juan is pure Indian and speaks only his native Nahuatl language with the pretty wife and numerous children who sometimes come to visit him in the afternoons.

He looks up and a wide smile shows the flashing white teeth in his dark face. "Buenos días, señora." The sun brings a gold spoon in his mouth," he says, motioning toward the glittering yellow sky.

"Good morning, Juan. How is your wife? I haven't seen her lately."

"Well, she is well, señora. But—brava!" He shakes his head dolefully, though his grin becomes even wider.

I laugh and go on to the kitchen. Brava signifies many things in Spanish, but in this case it means decidedly untractable. Juan's wife is one of the few, very few, Indian women who dominate their husbands. But although he complains about it, he seems to like it, too.

Struggling with the cooking fires, I marvel again at Anselma's ability to produce three good meals a day with stone age equipment—the charcoal braziers, the rough clay pots, the lava grinding bowl. The fires are my greatest worry. I have never made fires for

anything but hot dog picnics in the United States, and Anselma's neat little pile of coals, glowing at an even temperature, forever elude me. Mine are always either roaring hot or dying away—usually the latter.

Breakfast is not a difficult meal, however. Rice cooked in milk, and the sweet bread that is bought fresh for each morning and evening meal. Then eggs fixed in the chile-pepper sauce which, to everyone's amusement, I like more stinging hot than does my Mexican-born husband. And tortillas, of course, the thin corn pan cakes which accompany every Mexican meal. These last warmed over from the previous day's supply, since I have not learned the art of patting the fresh dough to a proper thinness and roundness—an art which every Mexican woman learns in her cradle, and which looks so simple and isn't...

Breakfast is eaten on the deep veranda where plants extend luxuriously the length of the wide brick-tile railing. A red bird splashes in the chicken reservoir, opening and shutting pure scarlet wings, vivid as the morning itself.

Before we have finished breakfast, one neighbor has come to borrow medicine for his sick child, and another to have a letter read to him.

I excuse myself from this last consultation in order to go to market, since it is getting late. I pick my path among the little pigs, goats and burros, side-stepping, too, the sharpest cobblestones. And I must stop many times to exchange "Buenos días" with my relatives and neighbors (which embraces almost the entire town.)

Near the plaza, I meet Esperanza, a young woman who is, I believe, the most beautiful female I have ever seen. Her enormous, sad eyes are bottomless and her oval, olive face is perfectly shaped. With the customary humble but graceful Mexican shawl framing her head and swept back over one shoulder, she looks the loveliest of madonnas.

"Comadre!" She stops and her tragic eyes light up for a moment. "It's already hot, isn't it?" she adds in the song she always makes of any two or more words joined together.

"How does it go with you, Esperanza?" I ask her.

"Very well, thank you. You go to the plaza?"

"Yes. Today I have no servant."

"Of a truth." She shakes her head in sympathy. "The funeral—yes."

After a few more words, we go our separate ways, warmed by the words as well as by the sun. And it is hot. Now, at ten o'clock, the southern sun is beginning to beat down. The wonderful, wonderful sun which warms my North American bones as they have never been warmed before. "You do not like the heat, verdad?" my neighbors are continually saying. "You are not accustomed—no?" But I assure them again and again that I love it, and it is the truth.

The plaza is a little elevated from the rocky, ugly street, and luxuriant with flaming orange acacia trees and splashes of colorful tropical flowers. Only the wooden bandstand looks a little decrepit, a little sad. Everything, beautiful or ugly, is sharpened and clarified in the immense sunshine.

To one side of the plaza is the pink church with its twin towers, the predominating building in the village. On the other side is the sheltered market with its innumerable stalls, called "puestos." Today it is busier than usual, for Sunday is the important market in our part of the country.

Ah, the Mexican village market... Dirty underfoot, yes. But on rude counters the lovely, brilliant vegetables and fruits, all clean, constantly watered, the carrots already scraped, the outside leaves of the

lettuce already tossed into the refuse heaps. Everything in neat decorative little piles. It is inherently impossible, I think, for a Mexican to handle anything without making a design of it—three bananas arranged in a tepee, pyramids of plums, a still-life arrangement of cut cabbage, carrot, turnip and green herbs, all ready to go into your soup pot.

I bargain. I am not a natural-born bargainer, but Mexicans expect it and enjoy the conversation it entails. Most of the market women have stalls for the sake of companionship rather than for the few centavos they make daily. They come at the crack of dawn and stay until long after dark, so it is not surprising that they make themselves very much at home—bringing their children and their parrots and their knitting. They cook their meals on portable charcoal braziers and take their siestas there, with a neighbor guarding the oranges or jewelry or shoes or whatever they are selling.

"How much?" I hold out three guayabas.

"Thirty-five centavos, señora."

I put them back. "Vaya. Es mucho."

"Already she is beginning to talk Castilian as good as ours," the woman says admiringly to her neighbor at the next counter. Put I am not to be distracted by flattery.

"Thirty," I say firmly.

"Take them," she surrenders, with a shrug and a sigh which implies I am ruining her. But secretly she is delighted and all the other old women look at me with spry interest.

"No, I still cannot speak much Spanish," I say modestly, to continue the conversation.

"But yes! Poco a poco—" Now, the bargaining completed, she is all human sympathy.

Poco a poco—little by little—It is a phrase I have heard a thousand times since coming here, but I always like to hear it again. Something in the way it is said makes you firmly believe that nothing on earth is improbable—even learning to speak Spanish well.

Prices in Mexico are rising all the time, but still fresh vegetable and sun-ripened fruits are relatively cheap—and delicious. I can buy four rosy-yellow mangos for thirty centavos, or approximately three and a half cents at the present rate of exchange. A pile of three or four carrots for five centavos, or less than one penny, leaf lettuce (head lettuce is rare) for two cents, and a radish over a foot long for three. Radishes grow to fantastic sizes in Mexico. I have seen them longer than my arm.

Back at home, I start dinner, moving uncertainly among the strange utensils and waving the straw fan madly to keep my fire going. An infant, a neighbor's child scarcely four years old, comes to get the nixtomal, which is corn boiled in lime water. Her mother will take it to the mill to be ground into stiff dough, and from that will make the tortillas for our dinner. Since I have never before engineered the cooking of nixtomal, I humbly offer the baby a sample for inspection. She squeezes it critically in her tiny brown fingers.

"Still it is lacking," she says decisively. I bow to her superior culinary ability (and superior Spanish!) and give her a piece of sweet bread to eat while she waits.

Meantime, there is music and we go to the front to see. It is the funeral which the cook is attending. The casket is born ahead by eight men, one of whom, regrettably drunk, is slipping and stumbling on the uneven cobblestones. Nearly half the town appears to be in the procession which trails behind and the band brings up the rear, playing lustily and inappropriately, as usual.

Continued on page 60

Bits of Talk and Music

By Hudson Strode

WE dined at a long table in the old refectory of the convent. Captain Esperón sat on the right of Señora del Pomar and I at her left, with Señora Tamayo next to me. The hostess, who had tasted dishes in the world's best restaurants, had a skill in cookery which she had been able to impart to the native cooks. The atmosphere was anything but monkish. There were bright lights, and napkins the color of buttercups.

Down at the other end of the table where Pomar and Tamayo and Townsend and Wagus sat the conversation took a serious turn. I saw Tamayo's eyes flash, and he was almost shouting at Pomar. "But, why, why, why?"

"The Indians don't hanker for Communism and the brotherhood of man—they want a piece of land to call their own," Del Pomar said.

"Forty acres and a mule," Wagus put in. "Or the Mexican equivalent—ten acres and a burro."

Tamayo threw up his hands and glanced toward heaven.

I turned back to Señora del Pomar to praise the delicious haricots verts fresh from the ranch garden. They had been cooked the French way.

"General Cárdenas gave five thousand budded orange trees to our village," Townsend was saying. "The cacique said the whole town should have them—for he wanted the control, to use them to hold his political power. But we knew we couldn't work on a communistic basis, because one fellow might kill another over an orange. So we gave ten trees to each family by lot, as long as they held out."

Señora Tamayo turned to me, her eyes bright; she did not take radical ideology as passionately as did her husband. "Do you remember when John Reed asked Pancho Villa what he thought of socialism? The General echoed the word: 'Socialism—what is it? Is it a thing? I see it only in books, and I do not read much.'"

We laughed, and Esperón across from me said: "Villa had no intellectual theories, but he knew Mexicans. He said the only thing to do with soldiers in times of peace is to put them to work. An idle soldier is always thinking of fighting or getting into mischief."

The salad came—perfectly ripened, perfectly textured avocado, with French dressing such as one gets in Paris.

"Villa could hardly read," Esperón went on, "but he sensed that Mexico's redemption would come through schools. He had a passion for schoolhouses, and in towns where passed a crowd of children playing, he would say: 'There were a lot of children on such and such a street. We'll build a school there.'"

"Did not one of your best writers say that highways teach the language better than schools?" I said.



Drawing.

By Jose A. Rodriguez.

"It's true that we need roads and more roads," Esperón said. "It is hard to say which are more needed. About schools—you know in the army I get all around when rural schools are started up in a schoolless section, the attendance is always large at first. Kids trudge for miles. The district officials virtually command the parents to send them. But no matter how ardent the teacher's endeavor to interest and instruct, attendance soon falls off. Many a poor man has explained humbly to me that it is more essential to cultivate the soil than to cultivate boys and girls, more imperative for kids to get something into their stomachs than into their heads. Children are needed at home to scratch in the earth to get food. It's lack of machines, as well as lack of roads and schools, that holds Mexico back."

At the other end of the table they were asking Townsend about his work as a teacher. The two conversations began to merge. We stopped talking to listen to the missionary.

He was saying in his soft-spoken way that he despised scientists who use humanity as a laboratory instrument in their research, but think nothing of men's actual welfare. "So I cannot admire priests who seek only to inject dogma while leaving the people in economic, intellectual, moral stagnation. I have no interest in the propagation of a sect. I am not an ordained minister. I give the people the simple Bible, and I am having portions of it translated into all the Indian languages."

He told how the students from his linguistic institute went into the remote regions and lived the life of the village peoples. "Only those who have some sympathy with their customs can really teach the Indians," Townsend said. "Many people told us that the Indians did not want to be stirred out of their drabness. And of course some of their misery is due to their own shiftlessness, but far more is due to forces beyond their control."

Tamayo nodded his dark head in agreement at the last statement.

"So I not only desired to see portions of the New Testament of brotherly love translated and published in all of the Indian languages, but I wanted to have a small part in the Indians' economic progress. I wanted to help get drinking water piped into villages

and to see vegetables planted to supplement the tortilla-beans-pulque diet. In some places, we exterminated a pest of ants; in others, we started a pottery industry. In some, we persuaded families to white-wash their huts inside and out as an incentive to cleanliness. We teach simple sanitation practices. We make an effort to reduce drunkenness. The Department of Rural Education has made us grants of books and provided chalk and blackboards for the schools. It ordered an edition of an Aztec primer I formulated for use in towns where Aztec is the predominant tongue. Doctors have been sent into districts where no honest medical treatment has ever been known. So," he finished, as if having talked too much, "these are some of the objectives, and the results have been gratifying."

"Don't your workers find it difficult to make contact, to be taken in by the Indian?" Del Pomar asked.

"Sometimes it is quite difficult. Often the students meet with serious hostility, and it takes courage to face it. Remote, uncivilized people are generally suspicious. Our workers have to learn to conquer that suspicion. When they're learned that, they understand the fundamental principle of diplomacy—if you respect others and treat them well, they'll treat you well and respect you."

The dessert, a frozen pudding, was served. Tamayo wanted to know if the Mexican Government had been co-operative to Townsend's work.

"Most co-operative. You see, we began the work when General Cárdenas was President, and—" Townsend paused and smiled—"you can't fool General Cárdenas. He knows when a motive is sincere and worth while. He was, and still is, marvelously helpful."

They had all listened attentively to Mr. Townsend, and the mention of Cárdenas's sanction set the seal of approval on the mission. For Cárdenas happened to be admired by all present.

"It seems to me," I began, to keep the subject going, "that Cárdenas's leaning toward socialism grows out of brotherly love and compassion. With many another down here socialism seems purely a will to power. Doesn't your theoretical socialist desiring power want to take the Indians and recast them according to his theories of what's good for them? I wonder if the people themselves like that."

"Lombardo Toledano would have Mexico bear the stamp of his ideas—everybody fit into the world of his vision." I turned. The young man from Ohio had come up to the table with a message for Del Pomar, had stopped to listen to the talk, and now put in his say.

"The socialist can be quite tyrannical," Wagus said. "And if the masses rule, won't you find about as much oppression?"

"And far more confusion?" murmured Señora del Pomar.

Del Pomar said: "The will to power is pretty terrific in these times—as terrific in the worker and in the industrialist as in the politician. The world has never had more complete dictators than Hitler and Stalin."

"Cárdenas was certainly no dictator," I said.

"By no means," Townsend said. "He is a pacifist, really. He was a youthful revolutionist, but he really does not believe in revolution by force."

"He doesn't believe that propaganda-stirred hatred is the proper way for securing peace," Esperón said. "I have heard him say often that there is no reason why men can't learn to love each other."

"And I heard him say once, quite casually," Townsend said, "that material bigness is not the same as the majesty of honest achievement."

"You can talk all the socialism or democracy you want," said Señora del Pomar, making a move to rise, "but it will be a long time before the peasant forgets the old proverb: 'Though we are of the same clay, a jug is not a vase.'"

Music from the distant wedding feast had been drifting through the open windows for some time. Our hosts were already late. The student from Ohio delivered his message to Pomar. We all got up. Talks are never finished in Mexico anyhow; conclusions are never reached.

Star shadow lay upon the shrubbery of the patio and traced the outlines of the galleries' great arches just as in decades past, when women under vows trod the pavement in devout meditation. The flowing evening dresses of the ladies brushed by the obscured doors of former nuns' cells. Transitory time was seeing a variety of strange mutations in the world. If the clay of life would always be the same clay, would the jugs all become vases, or would there be merely one universal stereotyped model of jug?

After Wagus and Townsend had gone to bed near midnight, Esperón and I came out on the car's observation vestibule to take a last breath of the fresh night air. Not far off there was guitar music, and male voices singing. We went down the steps and followed the sound to the station. There, outside the door of the empty waiting-room, two young guitarists were wasting their talents on the atmosphere. They wore enormous straw sombreros that curled up around the edges, and over their left shoulders serapes of brown-and-white wool. One youth was seated on a small upended box. He sang tenor, with his eyes tightly closed, throwing back his head as a hound does when he howls. But his voice was not unpleasant, and he with plaintive energy.

The other lad, who stood with one foot resting lightly on the edge of the box, looked better-fed, and as he sang he thrust his chest out like an operatic singer, and drew down his chin. There was not another listener in sight. When we paused before them, the troubadours did not in any way change their technique or their volume. They sang a corrido about a bear hunt in the hills, and they were in sympathy with the poor bear, who was so valiant in his efforts to escape from the cruel hunters. They sang about a village church bell calling, calling on a Sunday morning. They sang about a poor peasant forced into the Revolution against his will:

"You ask me why I am still a rebel?

Well, the revolution is like a hurricane—

If you're in it, you are not a man,

You're a dead leaf, blown by the wind."

Whatever they sang about—a bear, a church bell, or a man—each had a universal value, each was just as important in the scheme of things as the other. A mountain, a sunset, a snake, a desirable girl, all got the same emphasis. Everything was a creation of God and so deserved respect; and apparently, because the singers had themselves known trouble, they had compassion for all created things, animate and inanimate.

After some minutes, they paused to rest and we gave them applause. The standing fellow removed his right foot from the edge of the box and shifted his position. The one seated relaxed his hands and his neck.

Esperón began requesting certain pieces, the old favorites sung by the various armies of the Revolution. The boys nodded after each request. They seemed to know them all. The cockroach marching song of Villa, "La Cucaracha," had lost none of its vigor and animality after three decades. But the best re-

Continued on page 57

Patterns of an Old City

By Howard S. Phillips

A FRIENDLY PACT

SIMPSON stepped out of the elevator and briskly paced down the familiar hallway to the door which bore the inscription HARRY PURVIS Y CIA, S. A. COMISIONES Y REPRESENTACIONES. He stopped, blew his nose into an unclean handkerchief, wiped with it the moisture off his forehead, then vigorously turned the knob. The young woman at the reception desk responded to his buenos días in a toneless voice and nodded indifferently as he pushed the gate of the rail and walked through the anteroom and down the inner passage to the door marked PRIVADO. Ordinarily she treated with deference the counted few visitors who walked through that door unannounced, but in his case her intuition told her that even though he had never been refused admission and usually remained inside longer than the average caller, he was not actually welcome. She sensed that in some way he was an intruder, that the business which brought him to the office represented no profit for her employer, that it probably involved a loss or at least a needless bother, for she had observed that following his calls Mr. Purvis was usually in ill humour through the rest of the day.

Simpson rapped twice on the opaque glass panel and without waiting for a response opened the door. "Hello, Harry," he said. "How are you? I hope I am not barging in on you at the wrong moment."

"No," Purvis said without rising from his desk. "I am up to my ears as always, but it's all right. Sit down, George. What's on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing much in particular," Simpson said. "Just happened to be passing the building and thought I'd drop in for a moment. How are things?" He extracted a cigarette package from his coat-pocket and probed its contents with his forefinger. Finding it empty he crumpled it and placed it on an ashtray. "Been smoking too much lately," he said. "Always running short."

"Here, have one of mine," Purvis said, reaching for an ornate box on his desk. "Take a few more to tide you over. 'How is it going with you?' He flicked his lighter and leaning out of his leather swivel chair held it up to his visitor.

Simpson released the smoke through his thin long nose. "Oh, about the same as always, I suppose. If it's not one thing it's another. Don't seem to be able to get going. The kids are all right, but it's Amy now. The same female trouble she had last year, only it seems to be worse this time. The same young Mexican doctor been attending her. Says an operation might be necessary. Devil of a mess."

Hearing him talk, Purvis had the feeling of hearing an echo rather than an actual voice, of having heard the same story, or a variety of stories that all had the same essential purport and were coached in the same unchanged words, countless times in the past. There was always some specific bit of hard luck as the salient theme, but on the whole it invariably dealt with failure, with adversity and misfortune. "I am sorry to hear that, George," he said. "I hope it's not that serious."

"Oh, well I suppose we'll straggle through it somehow," said Simpson, his small, close-set eyes turning at Purvis with a covert look of anticipation. "One has to have something to crab about," he added cheerfully. "If it wasn't for that I wouldn't have an excuse for coming up to see you."

I should ask him how much, Purvis thought. Let him have it and get rid of him. If I allow him to babble on he'll ruin my morning. I ought to cut it short. And yet he knew that he was utterly unable to do a thing like that. He knew that he would meekly submit to this depressing ordeal, as he had submitted so many times before, that he would control himself, conceal his thoughts and feelings, affect a friendly concern and perform his usual part in the silly little play, because there was indeed no alternative—because Simpson, this sorry and miserable wretch of a man, held the upper hand.

"You don't need any excuse, George," he said. "You know perfectly well that... well, I am always here and you can always count on me." Now I sound patronizing, he thought, and that won't do. I am not his benefactor. I am not handing out charity. I am an established and infallible source upon which he can draw at will, and I should not make it seem different. "I am really sorry to hear about Amy," he continued. "It's too bad."

"Yes," Simpson said, his bony, tobacco-stained fingers thoughtfully petting one side of his jaw. "It's kind of tough luck, especially now... I had to give up that plastics gadget line. Small stuff. Doesn't run into money at all when you do get an order, and that Spaniard is out of line on his prices. Pretty tight, too. I had enough commissions lined up on the sales I made, but it was like pulling teeth to get an advance out of the old guy. So I've been looking around. Trying to land something with a fixed salary—even if it's not a hell of a lot. I am getting fed up peddling on commission. You always start out with the same rosy prospects and wind up nowhere. With a fixed salary you know where you are at. The worst that can happen is that you might get canned, but while you are working you draw regular pay."

The same drivel, Purvis thought. The same childish prattle. Kidding himself. Refuses to look at himself squarely, to admit to himself that he is lazy, dumb and dishonest, that he lacks what it takes. Refuses to grow up. Been stranded twenty years and still thinks he is going somewhere. Wife, three kids, hair turning grey, watery eyes, drooping chin and a wheedling voice. Not a cent in his pocket, but it's just a slight inconvenience, just a temporary hitch. He'll get out of it presently, get going again and everything will be hunky punky.

"Got anything in view, George?" he asked. "Anything that might keep you going?"

"Yes," Simpson said eagerly, as if he had been purposely leading up to this query. "That's the bad part of it. I mean Amy getting sick on me just at this time. I have a chance to pick up a few dollars; but it means going away for at least a couple of weeks. And I can hardly go away and leave her in this condition. Somebody has to stay on the place and look after the kids. It's the same man I tourist-guided last year—that man from Los Angeles—Mr. Zimmerman. An elderly fellow. Brought his wife with him this time. They drove all the way down and have been making the usual sidetrips from here. They've been here several weeks and are about ready to start for home. Only they hate the long drive back. The old fellow isn't any too strong. Been troubled with dysentery and his kidneys been hurting him. So he asked me if I wouldn't go along with them and drive the car. He is willing to pay me a hundred dollars

Continued on page 46



Lic. Agustín García López, Secretary of Communications and Public Works, and Eng. Miguel Pereyra, Director of Tele-Communications, observing the complicated mechanism of a control board in the equipment of international radio-telephone service.

Mexico's Vast Progress in Communication

By Stewart Morton

IN the execution of the far-reaching constructive program traced by President Miguel Alemán, the signal achievement of the Secretariat of Communications, headed by Lic. Agustín García López, is especially noteworthy. The voluminous scope of work that has been carried out by this Secretariat during the administrative year which ended on the 31 st. of last month demonstrates to an impressive degree what the people of Mexico can achieve under able and patriotic guidance. Each of the major projects which were completed during the foregone twelve months represents a gigantic stride of progress; each has greatly enhanced the material wealth of this nation and has contributed toward its physical and spiritual integration. Of these, the following three are the most significant:

(1) The Highway Ciudad Juárez-Mexico City-Ciudad Cuauhtémoc, 3,440 kilometers in length, whose eventful inauguration five months ago lent international prestige to this country. (2) The Sureste Railway, 737 kilometers in extension, between Estación Allende, Ver., and Campeche, Camp., which fills the fi-

nal gap in the railway network that communicates the Peninsula of Baja California in the extreme Northwest with the Peninsula of Yucatán in the extreme Southeast, two regions that hitherto have been isolated from the rest of the country. (3) The rehabilitation of the national tele-communication system, which, in addition to expansion and modernization of the existant network comprises a series of transmitting and receiving stations, adequately distributed in such way as to establish communication with the entire Republic and different countries of the world, through the System Radio-Mex, whose central station, situated at kilometer 11 of the Mexico City-Puebla Highway, was totally constructed by the present administration.

The volume and importance of the work entrusted to the Secretariat of Communications and Public Works has prompted the Presidential decision early this year to create a new Sub-Secretariat, whereby two are functioning at present, under the denominations of Sub-Secretariat of Communications and Transports and Sub-Secretariat of Public Works.

For the materialization of a program which pur-

View of the Highway Ciudad Juárez-Ciudad Cuauhtémoc, at kilometer 1505.





View along the Highway Ciudad Juarez—México City—Ciudad Cuauhtémoc, at kilometer 335. This great highway was inaugurated by President Aleman on the 21st of last May.

sues the aim of physical and spiritual unification of the country and which is inspired by the objective to intensify the exploitation of its natural resources and to elevate to the highest measure the working capacity of its men, the Secretariat of Communications has not only maintained but has significantly accelerated throughout the whole extent of the country and in most ample degree, the pace of construction, improvement and conservation of the Federal, State and neighborhood routes of communication and transport. The figures which summarize this effort reveal with eloquence the extent of progress that is being accomplished toward this goal.

POSTAL SERVICE

Considerable improvement and expansion has been achieved in the Postal service. Ambulant and transfer offices have a daily run of 53,656 kilometers. Postal routes, 3,180 in number, cover 102,714 kilometers. Postal air service has been increased by 2,686 kilometers. The total movement of mail represented 600 million pieces; and of funds 850 million pesos. 3,828 post offices are functioning at this time in the Republic.

CIVIL AVIATION

In order to adjust the function as well as the development of civil aviation to technical advances and modern legal precepts, the book IV of the Law of General Routes of Communication has been reformed, and a veritable code of air traffic has been formulated, which, providing for the greatest security of life and property, encourages the development of air transport.

Thanks to the new regulations, civil aviation has been undergoing marked progress. Its network extends at this time over an area of 159,605 kilometers. It has transported 882,887 passengers, 1,996,208 kilograms of mail, 96,401 pieces of parcel post, 6,470,838 kilograms of freight, 24,225,628 kilograms of express, and 6,572,898 kilograms of baggage, in a total flight time of 15,656 hours, over a run of 38,209,138 kilometers.

TELE-COMMUNICATIONS

The plan to modernize and expand the national and international tele-communication range has been concluded in its most important phases. With the fusion of the two principal telephone companies in the Republic, their consolidation into one Mexican company has been achieved upon its obligation to improve

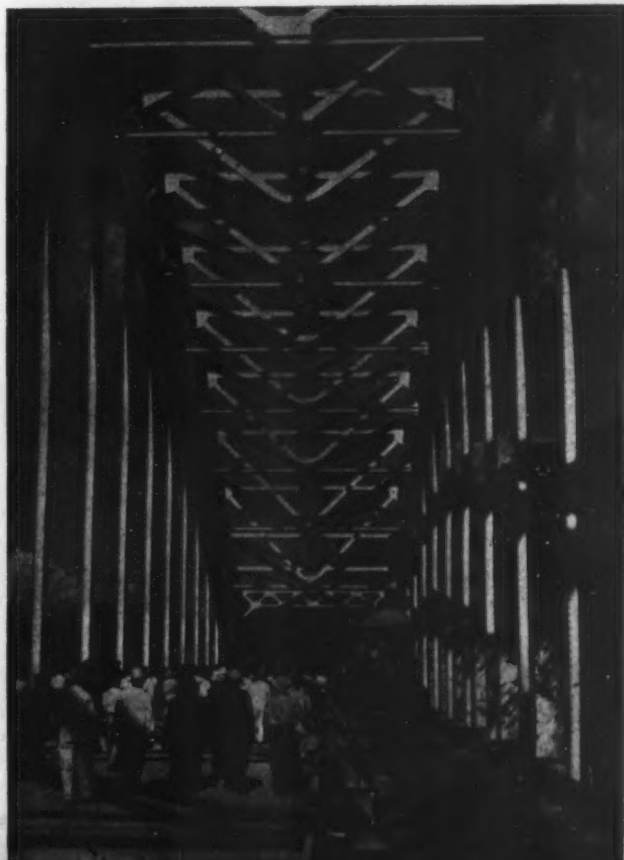
and amplify local and long distance services and to invest in this project 400 million pesos during the next five years.

The telegraph network has been increased by 1,252 kilometers, extending at present over a lineal distance of 122,821 kilometers. Teleprint equipment has been installed in various offices, while terminals of radio teletype duplex systems have been installed at Villahermosa, Tabasco and Tehuantepec, Oaxaca.

The major central station Radiomex has been completed and inaugurated. It operates with 34 modern transmitters and 42 directional rhomboidal antennae. Radio-telephonic and radio-telegraphic service has been also established at Villahermosa, Tabasco and Mérida, Yucatán.

Through the operation of the above central station, radio-telephonic and radio-telegraphic circuits have been placed at public service between this country and France, Italy and Switzerland, as well as radio-telephonic service with Cuba, maintaining radio-

Presidential train passing over the Usumacinta Bridge during the trip made by President Aleman last May, when he inaugurated the Sureste Railway.





Partial view of the Mezcalapa Bridge, along the Sureste Railway, which is the longest railway bridge in this country.

telephonic service with Spain. Arrangements, moreover, have been concluded for direct radio-telephonic communication with Central America, Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador, and negotiations have been opened for the establishment of the same service with Chile, Uruguay and Brazil, by means of the direct circuit with Argentina.

By means of these arrangements, installations and services, Mexico has fully coped with its problem of national and international tele-communication.

Telephone service has been established in 122 communities; 10 telegraph and 26 telephone offices have been installed, bringing up the total operating at this time in the Republic to 1,154. These offices have handled 21,767,669 messages in interior or international service, issued 1,749,341 telegraph money orders with a total value of 412,181,183.00 pesos, remitting 45,597 money orders from foreign countries to the amount of 24,528,582.00 pesos. The revenue from these services amounted to 44,409,802.00 pesos.

RAILWAYS IN OPERATION

An increase in rates has been authorized for the rehabilitation of the National Railways, which will provide an additional yearly income of 69,000,000.00 pesos. In this case, as in other cases where a rate increase for communication services has been granted, the careful consideration of its advisability and justification assured a favorable reception on the part of the users.

BUILDINGS

Buildings to house customs offices were completed at Tuxpan, Veracruz and Mexicali, B. C., as well as those for passenger stations at the airports of Tijuana, B. C. and Acapulco, Gro., and for radio-communication in Mexico, D. F., Villahermosa, Tabasco, Mérida, Yucatán, and Tijuana, B. C. The construction of an airport has been initiated at Guadalajara, Jalisco, as well as the improvement of the airfields at Mazatlán, Sin. Work is proceeding on the construction of the Central Airport in Mexico City, where to date tracks 5 left and 5 right 23 have been completed. The latter, being 3,225 meters long and 76 wide, is suitable for the operation of any type of commercial aircraft.

ROADS

The work of building highways that will communicate centers of production with those of consumption, through regions that have hitherto either lacked or have been deficient in such mediums, has been progressing as follows:

Along the International Northwest Highway, Nogales-Guadalajara, the completely finished sections are those between Hermosillo, Empalme-Ciudad Obregon and Rosario, Sinaloa-Tepic, Nayarit, as well as the branches to Tuxpan, Santiago Ixcuintla, San Blas, Ahuacatlán and Ixtlán. Throughout the rest of this highway, work is under way.

In the Trans-Isthmic Highway, Coatzacoalcas, Ver.-Salina Cruz, Oaxaca, the work achieved to date consists of 87 kilometers of grading, 95 kilometers of accessory details, such as underfoot or overhead passages, water tubing, trestle-work, etc., 121 of surfacing and 33 of paving. Only 30 kilometers will have to be finished before this road, 304 kilometers in length, may be opened for traffic.

The following roads have been completed: Mexicali-San Felipe, B. C., the feeder roads along the Sureste Railway, or those of Pichucalco, Teapa-Tacotalpa, Palenque and Tenosique, the road between Acapulco and Zihuatanejo, Gro., and the branch road of Atoyac, Los Arenales and San Jeronimo, Gro.

Diverse work of grading, surfacing and paving has been carried out on the following roads: Pachuca-Huejutla, Hgo., Tijuana-Mexicali, B. C., Jiquilpan, Mich.-Manzanillo, Colima; Guadalajara-Puerto Vallarta, Jalisco; Encárcega, Campeche-Chetumal, Q. Roo; Puerto Ceiba-Entronque Estación Huimanguillo, Tabasco, Acapulco-Zihuatanejo, Gro., Veracruz-Acayucan, Ver. and Fortin-Jalapa, Veracruz.

The previously referred to completion and inauguration of the Highway Ciudad Juárez—Mexico City—Ciudad Cuauhtemoc, which extends from the border of the United States to that of Guatemala, traversing the rich and hitherto isolated central regions of the Republic, has also signified the fulfillment of Mexico's international obligation to provide this link of the Pan-American Highway and thereby to contribute toward the strengthening of friendly relations among the countries of this hemisphere.

In cooperation with state governments, the Secretariat of Communication completed the roads between Campeche and Champotón, Cam., Irapuato and Abasolo, Gto., Opopeo-Ario de Rosales, Mich., and

Equipment of the Transoceanic Radio-Telephone services, installed at the Palacio de Comunicaciones.



the branch road Mal Paso-Juarez, Zac. Work was continued on 38 roads; asphaltting was initiated on 3, while construction was initiated on 12.

With the cooperation of state governments, private initiative and the National Committee of Neighbor Roads, work has been intensified on 47 roads in different regions of the country, 10 of which have been entirely finished.

The scope of the progress achieved is revealed in the following figures: 107 bridges, with a total length of 6,670 meters; 1,074 kilometers of localization, 1,699 of grading, 1,383 of accessory details, 2,580 kilometers of surfacing, 1,541 of paving and 16,932 of conservation. The cost of these works was that of 281,574,618.00 pesos, distributed as follows: 148,080,502 pesos on construction of roads which were financed entirely by the Federal Government; 48,174,416.00 pesos in cooperation with state governments; 15,212,846.00 pesos in federal subsidies; 39,998,000.00 pesos on conservation; 20,173,000.00 pesos on construction of bridges; 4,182,057.00 pesos on projects and technical studies, and 3,153,795.00 pesos on general services.

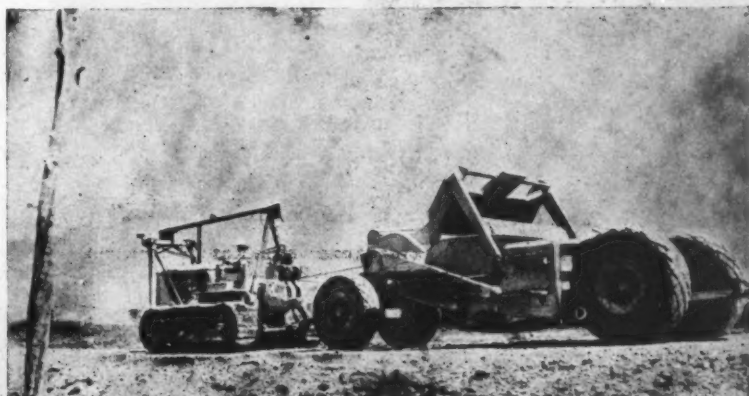
RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

Construction of the railway Mexico-Tuxpan, between the latter port and Empalme de Guadalupe, was initiated; preliminary work has been carried out on the construction of the Durango-Mazatlán railway and on the rehabilitation of the Chihuahua Pacific line.

The operation of the Sonora-Baja California Railway, inaugurated in April, 1948, has been highly satisfactory, representing an increase of 6,980,000.00



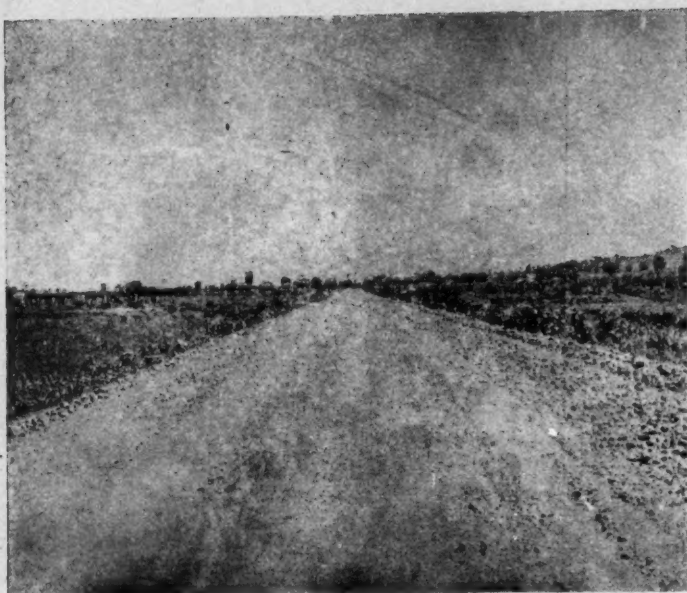
Field of antennae at the Miguel Aleman Station of Radiomex Central System.



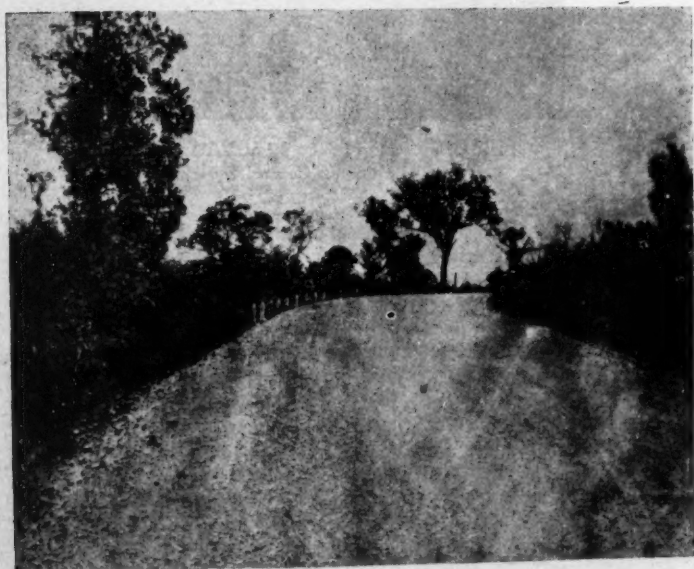
Mechanical equipment employed in grading work along the neighborhood road San Juan del Rio-Amealco, Qro.

Detail of the passenger station and flight control tower at the new Tijuana, B. C. Airport.

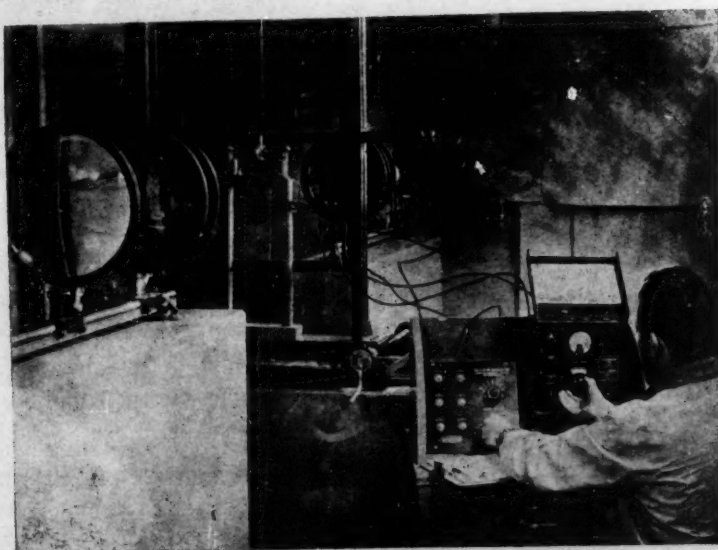




Section of the neighborhood road Barrientos-Ecatepec, Mex. at kilometer 3.



Curve at kilometer 18 of the neighborhood road which joins the important communities of Loma Bonita and Papaloapan, Oax.



Electric Apparatus at the Dept. of Investigations and Laboratories at Mexico, D. F. utilized to determine by photo-elastic and electronic means the resistance of a beam.

pesos in income, or that of 134 percent as compared with the preceding twelve-months period. During the last period it transported 536,000 passengers; 138,236 tons of freight and 7,980 tons of express, with a total income of 12,170,812.09 pesos.

The completion of the Sureste Railway, which communicates the states of Veracruz, Chiapas, Tabasco, Campeche and Yucatán with the rest of the Republic, represents untold possibilities for the progress of this country and at the same time reveals the full measure of its technical, economic and human resourcefulness, its determination and valor, in confronting a mighty task which has solved one of its major problems.

The following bridges were completed on this project: San Antonio, Chicoacán, Camoapa, Chacahuatengo, Tacotalpa, Pichualco, Alcocer, Macuspána, Tulijá, La Central, Usumacinta, Polevía, Maetun, San Pedro and Candelaria.

Special mention must be made of the bridge over the Usumacinta River, 189 meters in length, whose superstructure consists of an arch of structural steel, articulated in its supports, and a traverse pass with a largely suspended floor, to provide transit for railway and automobile traffic and a sidewalk for pedestrians.

This brief summary of the work achieved during the foregone twelve months by the Secretariat of Communications and Public Works under the able charge of Lic. Agustín García López, signifies a brilliant milepost in Mexico's progress, a victorious advance in its strife to conquer its natural resources, to elevate the moral and material standards of its population and to create the means of a better existence for future generations.



At Puntarenas

By Dana Lamb

AT last our preparations were complete. We left Corinto at three o'clock one afternoon, hoping with luck, to arrive at our destination, San Juan del Sur, round eleven o'clock the next day. If the weather ran true to form it would give us an all-night sail with a following wind. The high wind generally died down to a stiff breeze round six or seven o'clock in the evening. We were willing to battle heavy seas during the late afternoon to gain additional headway.

The start was not auspicious. To save about three miles, we took a short cut out of the harbour, going out what is known as False Channel. The tide was going out and the current was strong. Occasional whirlpools, and the breakers which extended almost completely across the narrow channel, nearly threw us on the rocks several times.

We reached the ocean and faced the heavier seas with a feeling of apprehension. This section of coast, between Corinto and Cape Elena to the south of San Juan del Sur, is occasionally visited by strong gales, known locally as papagayos. They are similar to the "chubascos" of the Gulf of California, but of longer duration. Away from the land, the wind was blowing directly up the coast, with very short, capping seas. We were soon wet with spray, and the cockpit had to be continually bailed out. Before sundown the seas were so high that it was impossible to open the cockpit to get at the tanteens and food. The salt spray made us very thirsty.

By sundown we had made only eight miles, and the wind, instead of decreasing, was increasing. We debated the situation. Should we return to Corinto, while we could still see to navigate the channel; or take a chance on the wind going down, as it had every day for the past two weeks? We decided to stick it out a while longer.

But as the sun disappeared, the wind increased in fury. Our retreat cut off, there was nothing to do but go on. We were still hopeful that the wind was having one last fling before settling down as usual. But by eight o'clock it was stronger than ever. The *Vagabunda* reeled under the impact of the pounding

seas; we could feel her bottom spring each time a big wave smacked us; several times she almost turned over. We took a double reef in the sail, and rigged life lines. Then to forestall being swept away by the furious seas, we lashed ourselves down. Nothing in our long battle with storms—not even the storm off Cape San Lucas—had prepared us for the fury of this one. A great wave would pick us up, toss the canoe high into the air, and before she had time to hit the water, another sea would come up to meet her, with such a tremendous smack that we could feel her bottom buckle. These seas were so high that we could not see the lighthouse behind us.

At nine o'clock the wind was blowing a gale, and there was nothing we could do to meet it. It was impossible to point into the wind, because the canoe would ride out over the seas to crash down with tremendous force into the trough; nor was it possible to ease off, because seas hitting us on the beam would turn the boat over. Then great, black, monstrous waves began rolling in towards us. We managed to get past the first one safely, but as the second caught us, and the canoe rode high on its crest, its cap hit her so hard that it threw her into the air. She smacked the water with a terrific wallop; we could hear the crackle of splintering wood. A third sea struck her; again that ominous rending sound.

To get to shore while we still had something to ride on was our only purpose now. An attempt to turn towards the coast proved disastrous; the great waves tossed the canoe high into the air; the following seas hit her on the beam. We skidded sideways and only saved ourselves from capsizing by leaning far over on the windward gunwale. It took all my strength on the steering oar to keep the canoe going straight. We couldn't even shape a course that would permit us to pile up in the breakers. Since we couldn't sail against the wind, and couldn't run before it, we had to fight it out. Another series of big seas came along; and again the canoe took a beating to the tune of splintering wood. Then came the most hair-raising sound of all—ripping canvas. "There goes the bottom," Ginger shouted. "We're going to sink."

"Stay with the boat," I shouted back. "Our still cans will keep us afloat."

Another hissing roller struck the canoe, and part of the gunwale gave way. The deck sagged and buckled under the impact of the following wave. Again we heard the sound of splintering wood and ripping canvas. The Vagabunda was at last done for—and so were we.

"Dan!" Ginger screamed. "Look out!" I turned to see a great, black hull almost on top of us; its knife-edge headed straight for the middle of the canoe. High above us, lights were swinging in an arc; and for a moment I thought they were signalling to us, but the boat plunged steadily on. We swung round in a desperate attempt to get away from that bow. The wind struck the sail and ripped it from the mast. Ginger fought to get the whipping canvas under control, while I fought to swing the water-logged canoe round. The irony of being sunk by the one thing that could save us, I thought, as Ginger grabbed a paddle and aided in our frantic efforts to escape that charging mass of steel. A wave curled over our heads, smothering us in foam; the canoe grated and twisted from the impact.

Then from somewhere above us, a voice boomed through the scream of the wind, "For Chris' sake, quit playing tag and come aboard." A line arched over the Vagabunda's battered deck, and a searchlight bathed us in its ghostly glare. I grabbed the line and fastened it to the painter. We smacked against the lee side of the ship, out of the wind. A rope ladder rolled down her side, and as the canoe lifted on a wave, Ginger grabbed the ladder's ropes, and scrambled up the side. Willing hands pulled her over the rail. More ropes thudded on the canoe's deck, and I hurriedly fastened them to the ring bolts on the bow and stern. The canoe rose to another swell, and then hung suspended in the air, as a dozen men strained on the ropes that slowly lifted her up the side of the ship.

I scrambled up the ladder and joined Ginger on deck. She stamped her wet feet on the solid steel. "How does that feel?"

"Never felt anything better in my life," I said with hearty emphasis.

The crew surrounded us, all talking at once. Passengers lined the promenade decks above our heads. We seemed to be in a swirling world of voices. But neither one of us could say more than a few words in answer to the bombardment of questions. Then an officer came to our rescue and took us both by the arm. We trotted along meekly as he escorted us to first-class cabin Number 2. The door closed behind us. Bankrupt of energy and resource, we stood there in our dripping clothes, looking at each other. A steward entered with dry clothes, and a stiff drink of whisky apiece. He asked if we were hungry. We had both been ravenous round seven o'clock, but now the thought of food was nauseating; we shook our heads. He suggested tea. Ginger nodded vaguely. But we were sufficiently revived by the whisky, a hot shower, and clean clothes to enjoy the tea and sandwiches when they arrived.

After the meal we felt like new people. Our rapid recovery surprised us both, for it was not usual. It had often taken us days to overcome entirely the effects of some near-catastrophe. The difference this time was that we were not alone in some God-forsaken wilderness trying to pull ourselves together, but among hundreds of people. In the midst of our discussion there came a rap on the door. "Captain wants to see you," said a voice.

Up on the bridge we were met by a big, stern-faced, broad-shouldered man, who gruffly invited us to step into his cabin. I was well aware that we had

undoubtedly been a considerable nuisance to the Captain of the Mayan, but I was hardly prepared for his unfriendly, brusque, accusing manner. "Do you know who that is?" he demanded, pointing to a picture standing on his desk.

My eyes followed his pointing finger, and looked into the smiling pictured face of a sweetheart of my high school and college days. "Why that's Marie Carruthers," I stammered, so flabbergasted I could hardly talk.

"No," corrected the Captain, "that is Marie Fischer, my wife." He grinned.

Then I remembered. I had heard that Marie had married the first officer of the ship that had taken her to New York about the time that Ginger and I were preparing for our trip. The first officer had evidently been promoted to captain. I held out my hand to meet Captain Fischer's and the three of us stood smiling at each other.

"I have been looking for you all along the coast," he said. "Marie and I make our home in Panama; and every time I return to my home port, Cristóbal, she asks if I have seen you. Lucky we met tonight, wasn't it?"

We found out that the meeting was not as accidental as it had seemed at first. The Mayan had put in at Corinto, where Captain Fischer, had learnt of our departure only a few hours previously. When he put to sea, he had posted extra lookouts. During the manoeuvring of his ship, which had given us such a scare, he had been attempting to place the bow of his vessel between us and the wind, so that he could pick us up without stopping the boat. If he had stopped his engines in a storm of such magnitude, the ship would have swung round in the trough of the seas. This might have caused considerable damage aboard, besides endangering the passengers. The rescue could have been effected more easily had we not tried to get out of the Mayan's way.

Before turning in that night, we spread our soaked equipment out to dry in the engine room hatch, and then took a turn round the promenade deck to have a look at the weather. The ship was making slow progress against the gale. When the monstrous waves hit the Mayan's bow, the vessel would quiver from stem to stern and stand still. Recovering from the onslaught, she would shake herself free and plunge forward to meet the next charge. For our peace of mind, we tried hard not to think of what would have happened if Captain Fischer had not turned up in the nick of time.

The next morning the storm was still raging; and the ship was making very poor time. After breakfast we examined the canoe. Our fears of the preceding night had not been exaggerated; the Vagabunda looked like a total wreck. Six of her ribs were broken; one whole section directly forward of the cockpit was staved in; the gunwale on the starboard side was broken and torn loose; the stem had worked loose from its fastenings; and the siding was broken in a dozen places. The keel had sprung loose from her bottom. While we were wondering how to go about repairing the damage, the ship's carpenter worked his way through the crowd surrounding the canoe. Captain Fischer had instructed him to lend a hand, he said. With the aid of the carpenter and members of the crew, we began to replace the broken timbers.

The Mayan was due to arrive at San Juan del Sur at one-thirty that afternoon, five hours behind schedule. We were worried as to whether our presence aboard might not involve the Captain in difficulties, and suggested that he put us overside before the ship arrived in port. That was impossible, he said, until the wind went down, which might not happen

for several days. He suggested instead that we accompany him to Panama and "cut out this damn gallivanting round in an eggshell." But from San Juan del Sur south, the coast is again a series of bays and inlets, and we wanted to explore them. The Captain then proposed that we remain aboard until the Mayan left San Juan del Sur; by then the canoe would be in fair shape.

The port officials who came aboard and examined our papers at San Juan del Sur were very friendly, and extended the facilities of the port to us for making further repairs on the canoe. By five o'clock the Vagabunda had been repaired sufficiently not to leak, and as the Mayan prepared to sail, we lowered her over the side.

We went to say good-bye to the carpenter, and found him busy in his shop laying out material. "I have gone over your canoe thoroughly," he said, "and here are the things you will need for a complete repair job." He had assembled paint, glue, screws, canvas, and wood—things that we might not be able to secure in San Juan del Sur.

In addition to the food and clothing that Captain Fischer and the crew thoughtfully provided, many of the passengers presented Ginger with gifts. The Vagabunda was well loaded when we paddled away from the Mayan.

After the Mayan's departure, we set out towards the pier, but the wind was so strong that finally a launch came out to assist us. Señor Carranza, manager of the All America Cable office, met us at the landing, and cordially invited us to be his guests while in San Juan del Sur.

A week later, when the canoe was again seaworthy, we loaded up and sailed south in high anticipation of what the coast of Costa Rica had in store for us. The Vagabunda, however, was never her old self again. She was warped and twisted out of shape, her trim lines gone for ever.

Our trip down the coast was all we anticipated—and more. We ran in and out of storms in the Gulf of Papagayo; explored islands, bays and inlets; visited great haciendas and small native villages. We hunted and camped along the "rich coasts" that is Costa Rica. Looking back over our diaries, we find them replete with a hundred incidents of exciting days, kindly people, wind, and stormy weather.

Now the big moment was about to arrive. We were going to cross the Gulf of Nicoya to Puntarenas, Costa Rica. Puntarenas had been our principal destination since leaving Salina Cruz. We had planned to reach it the preceding year, and had instructed our families to send mail there. By now there should be enough letters to keep us busy for days. The weather was not auspicious, but we were in a predicament. This was Holy Week, and we either had to get to Puntarenas today or postpone our arrival until the following Monday. Tomorrow would be Good Friday; and besides the fact that the offices would be closed, it is considered extremely bad taste to travel on Good Friday. The observance of such matters may not seem important in Protestant countries, but they mean a lot in Catholic Central America.

Half-way across the gulf we stopped at Alcatraz Island to prepare for our entrance into port. Ginger went over our shore clothes; and we cleaned, dried, and oiled the gear. When everything was shipshape, we cut each other's hair, and otherwise made ourselves presentable. We planned on staying several days at least in Puntarenas, where we hoped to secure permission to visit Cocos Island. With our official papers handy, and our shore clothes ready to put on quickly, we set out attired in shorts for the crossing to the mainland.

The Pilot Guide warned against tide rips in the gulf, especially at the change of tide. The crossing gave us no reason to doubt the accuracy of this invaluable mariner's guide, for we encountered tide rips, wind, rocks, shoals, and breakers. Part of the way, the wind and current carried us along at a dangerous speed; the canoe became all but unmanageable, and we had to balance it much as one rides surfboard. Finally we got across a bad stretch of shoal water, and could see Puntarenas ahead. We fairly flew towards the pier, the wind whistling as it blew us along. There seemed to be no place for us to land, for boats anchored out from the end of the pier were pitching with such violence that we could not tie up to any of them.

On the end of the pier a man signalled wildly to us, and then we could see that the pier was in the shape of an L. We sailed round it, entering the shelter behind the sea wall. The small crowd who had gathered to watch our landing found it hard to believe that we had crossed the gulf in the squall. For that matter, we did too, when we looked back at the pitching white water.

I looked up and down the pier for some sign of the customs guards who had been so conspicuous in all the other Central American ports, but none were in sight. "Where are your customs men?" I inquired.

"I am the customs man," answered a young fellow dressed in European clothes and a sea-going cap. "Come up on the pier," he invited.

"Not until we present our papers," I returned. "We are entering this port under 'protest.'"

"Oh, that won't be necessary," he said. "Tie up your boat near the ladder, and I'll take you to the Port Captain."

"What's this?" asked Ginger in English. "Some kind of a game? Every other place they've had a dozen guards ready and waiting until they could find a good excuse to throw us into goal. It's mighty funny that there isn't anybody here but that fellow in the cap."

Then we saw a policeman, neatly attired in a spick-and-span uniform, leisurely approaching. As he drew near I shouted up to him, "We have just come down the coast from Nicaragua, and we want to enter port. Where is the Port Captain?"

"Well, why don't you come ahead and enter, Señor? The Port Captain is in his office," the policeman replied.

We fully expected to be thrown into the local gaol for such a breach of etiquette as going ashore without a permit, but apparently we had to take the chance. This was an unprecedented reception for Central America, and we still suspected a trick. It would have taken the entire resources of the State Department plus presidential intervention to have gotten us out of the jam that would have resulted in Guatemala, Nicaragua, or El Salvador had we done such a thing.

The young fellow in the cap instructed the policeman to watch the canoe and see that it did not bump against the pilings, and then we started off to the Port Captain's office. On the way Ginger asked permission for us to step inside somewhere and change into our shore clothes. "Why not?" said the customs man. "You have your clothes in that bag?" We nodded, too thunderstruck for words—customs officials who hadn't searched us from stem to stern, shaken us upside down, and put us through the third degree! He showed us a little building on the pier. "You will find everything that you need, Señora—a wash basin, towels," he said amiably.

Having changed our clothes we followed our guide past the customs house on the end of the pier and

Continued on page 50



President Alemán, accompanied by the Chief of the Dept. of the Federal District, Lic. Fernando Casas Alemán, inaugurates the water and lighting systems at Milpa Alta.

President Alemán Inaugurates Numerous Works in the Federal District

By Gerald Thomby

LENDING a full twelve-hour schedule to the task, President Miguel Alemán inaugurated on the twelfth of this month a long series of public works which extend from the center of the Capital to various towns in the extreme southern limits of the Federal District. All these works were completed during the foregone eight months by the municipal administration under the dynamic guidance of Lic. Fernando Casas Alemán.

With multitudes of cheering people, files of troops, and many thousands of gaily dressed school children gathered along the President's route, the city bore a festive air. The population joined the President in the celebration of an opulent harvest, offering its grateful tribute to a government whose will to serve the people, whose splendid constructive achievement, sets an inspiring example for all.

Light, paving, water, schools, thoroughfares, markets, community laundries and baths, representing a total investment of more than forty million pesos, comprised the numerous projects President Alemán delivered to the public during the eventful day.

The long itinerary began at the Calzada México-Tacuba, which has been converted into a spacious avenue along the section extending from Calzada Melchor Ocampo to Colegio Militar. Here, cutting a symbolic ribbon, the President opened this avenue to traffic.

From this point, the President, accompanied by the chief of the city government, Lic. Casas Alemán, Ing. Orive Alba, Secretary of the Ministry of Hydraulic Resources, Lic. Alejandro Carrillo, General Secretary of the Federal District, Lic. Manuel Gual Vidal, Secretary of Public Education, and numerous other high officials of his government, proceeded to the Law School of the National University, where he inaugurated the new gymnasium hall which was built by the municipal government.

The following inauguration was that of paving in the streets of the Colonia Emiliano Zapata, succeeded by the formal opening of a new school in the Colonia Valentin Gómez Farias, the act symbolizing the opening of nine similar schools constructed in different sections of the city at the cost of 4,090,000.00 pesos.

The ovation accorded the President by the multitudes assembled at the crossing of Avenida Chapultepec and Calzada de la Piedad was the most impressive along the grand march. Opening to traffic the Calzada de la Piedad, which has been transformed into a handsome boulevard and changed in nomenclature to that of Avenida Cuauhtemoc, honoring the memory of the last Aztec King, the President made an unscheduled visit to the nearby Juárez Market where he was received with flowers and applause by the delighted vendors.

Upon unveiling the memorial plaque, the President rode in a flower-adorned float the length of Avenida Cuauhtemoc amid a cheering crowd of spectators. Aboard this float he arrived at the Market "Primero de Diciembre de 1946" (the name commemorates the date upon which Miguel Alemán became President), situated in the Calle of Uxmal in the Narvarte district. This model market, built at the cost of two million pesos, has twenty-one refrigerated chambers, as well as a central storage chamber with a capacity of more than 500 cubic feet. It contains 540 stalls for that many venders, a day nursery, a branch post office and bank.

Following this ceremony, President Alemán and his party proceeded to Avenida Insurgentes to inaugurate the vehicular underground passages between the streets of Tlacotalpan, Dakota and Providencia, and from there continued up the Avenida Insurgentes toward Villa Obregon and beyond it to the picturesque town of Concepción de la Magdalena the other side of Contreras, to open the public lighting service, laundry and bath that were built in recent months.

The next stop on the President's itinerary was along the Calzada de la Virgen where he inaugurated the control stations of thirty-one potable water wells which were drilled in the vicinity. From there he continued to the pumping plant at Xotepingo, in order to unveil the commemorative plaque and open the sluice gates which release the water obtained from the above wells. This project, executed by the Secretariat of Hydraulic Resources, will help to relieve the water shortage in this city by adding two thousand liters of water per second to its present supply.

Subsequently, at Mexicaltengo, the President opened the dike gates of the new bed for the Churubusco River, which is nearly two kilometers in length and will serve the purpose to divert the water-flow to the Xochimileo Lake and thus replenish its rapidly diminishing water content. This important project was carried out in cooperation with the Secretariat of Hydraulic Resources.

At the conclusion of the ceremony at the Churubusco dike gates, the President proceeded to the town of San Lorenzo Tezonco, where he placed in service a public laundry, a deep well and pumping plant which will provide this community with potable water.

From this point President Alemán and his numerous escort followed the road to Tlahuac, Tulyehualco and Xochimileo to the town of San Gregorio Atlapulco, where the government of the Federal District constructed an ultra-modern school which bears the name of General Miguel Bernard, initiator of technical education in Mexico. A barbecue lunch was offered the President and the several hundred persons who accompanied him in the spacious pavilion of this fine school building.



The new school building "Amelia Bernard de Casas Aleman."

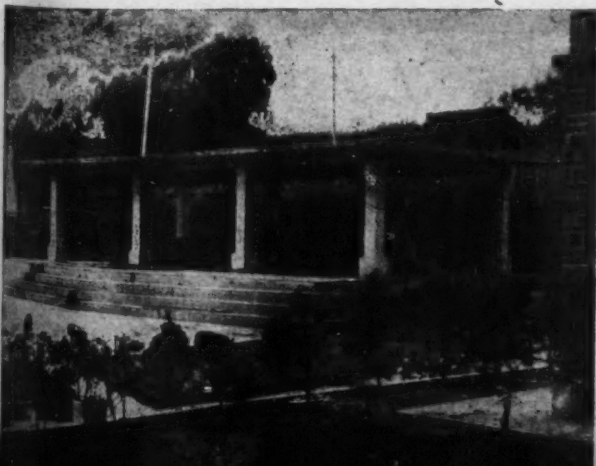


Inner Court of the school at San Gregorio Atlapulco.

Section of the ultra-modern Market "Primero de Diciembre de 1946."



Public laundry at Concepción de la Magdalena.



The lunch, followed by a press interview, was concluded shortly after five o'clock, whereupon the President continued his journey to the town of Milpa Alta. At the entrance of this town he inaugurated the public lighting system extending through the towns of San Juan Tepehahuac, San Francisco Tecoxpan, San Jeronimo Miaatlán and Santa Ana Tlacotenco. This system, together with those installed in various other towns by the government of the Federal District, represents an investment of nearly two million pesos.

A storage tank for potable water, a public laundry and bath, were also placed in service at this zone, to serve the towns of San Jeronimo Miaatlán and Santa Ana Tlacotenco. Another water storage tank was placed in service at San Salvador Cuautenco, and laundries and baths at San Mateo Xalpa, Chimalcoyoc and La Magdalena Petlaeco. A school, commemorating the name of the eminent Mexican scientist Isaac Ochoterena, was inaugurated at Chimalcoyoc.

When it grew dark, thousands of countrymen

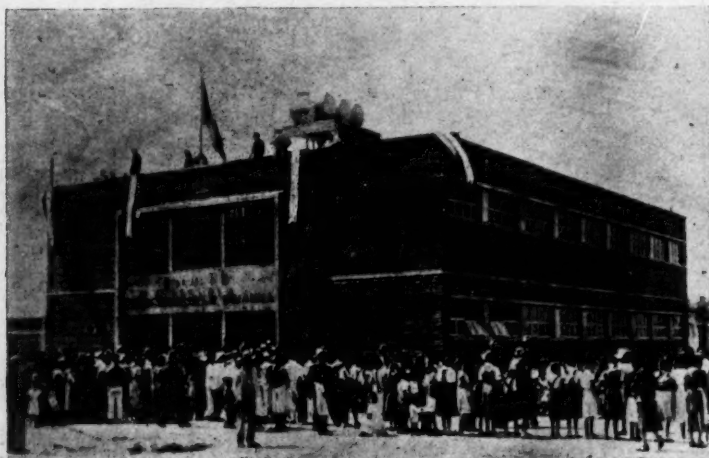
gathered along the wayside illuminated the President's route with blazing torches, while women waved cornstalks and flowers in the bright circles of light.

Traveling along this festive route, President Aleman inaugurated the public lighting system which extends through the towns of Xicalco, Magdalena Petlaeco, and San Miguel y Santo Tomas Ajusco, and consisting of 250 arelights represents a cost of 300,000.00 pesos.

Returning to the city by way of Tlalpan, the President inaugurated the lighting installation at Avenida Ing. Miguel A. de Quevedo, which comprises 190 arelights and represents an expenditure of 700,000.00 pesos.

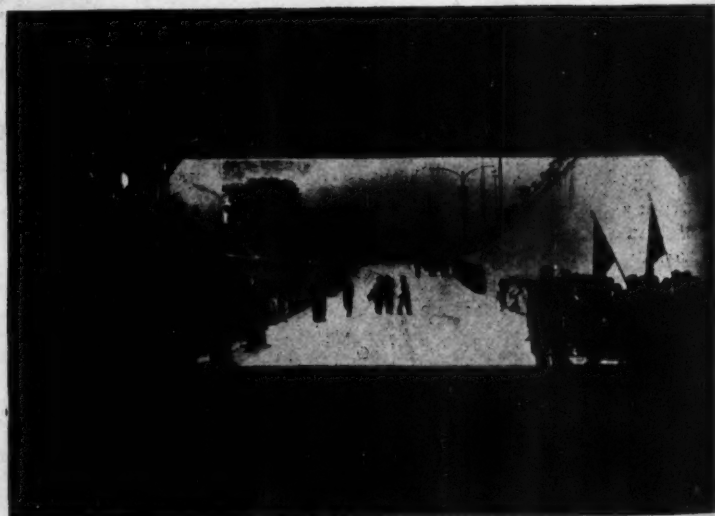
Finally, upon reaching Avenida Cuauhtémoc, which he opened to traffic ten hours before, the 125 arelights along its length were turned on for the first time.

This concluded the President's busy schedule for the day.



Modern school building—one of the ten inaugurated on that day—at the Colonia Emiliano Zapata.

Underground vehicular passageway at Avenida Insurgentes.



Section of the new Calzada Mexico-Tacuba.



RUINS AT CHICHEN ITZA

By Natl. Hys. of Mexico.

A People in Search of Their Past

By David Cort

THE Mayans arrive in history, no one knows whence, a little before 400 A.D. In 668 A. D. they wandered away from Yucatán for 20 years and then returned. During this second period they produced the magnificent constructions at Chichen Itza and Uxmal where they threw into the sacred wells sacrificial victims, usually specially reared young girls. In 1448 they fled before the conquering Aztecs, southward to Guatemala.

The Aztecs started drifting south at some time around 1000 A.D. Some think they followed the tropical coast and then climbed up on the plateau. Others think they started at a point only a hundred miles or so north of Mexico City. They were in search of the ordained sign of their dwelling place, an eagle holding a snake and perched on a prickly pear cactus (nopal) on a rock. They finally found it at what is now Mexico City, which they named Tenochtitlan, meaning Stone-Cactus Place. These people called themselves Mexica (pronounced Meshica), presumably after the war god, Mexitli. The name Aztec was given by the Spaniards some centuries later. The newcomers engaged in a protracted brawl in the Valley of Mexico with the Acolhua and Tepanec nations and acquired a good deal of their culture, but their ferocity dismayed their neighbors.

The Aztecs, however, were no backward people. They had a solar calendar with 20 days in the month, phonetic writing, the mathematical sign for zero,

aqueducts, dikes and irrigation canals. They created dazzling pictures made of tiny colored hummingbird feathers. They built mightily in stone. They kept horticultural gardens and well equipped zoos in a scientific spirit far beyond 16th Century Europe. They had no iron, but mined copper and tin as well as gold dust and cocoa beans. They had developed cotton textiles. They had a good many things their conquerors had never seen: corn, rubber, tobacco, squash, alligator pear, vanilla, chilli, chocolate and tomatoes. The names for the two last are Aztec words.

Allied finally with the Acolhua and Tepanec, the Aztecs ruled an area from Zacatecas, meaning straw, to Guatemala, meaning wood. Mexico City grew to a city of 300,000. Its people waged constant war, less for tribute and slaves, than to obtain masses of prisoners whose hearts were torn out by the priests and offered to the insatiable gods. The fighting was by disciplined military units with a chain of command. The higher ranks wore armor of gold, silver, wood and a thick cotton quilt. Beside bows and javelins, the chief weapon was a club whose head was set with two rows of sharp obsidian flakes. A division numbered 8,000 men and an expedition might consist of several divisions. Under the king was a highly developed feudal society of warrior nobles. They were organized in military orders in which the "princes" wore braided hair, the "eagles" wore eagles' beaks into battle and "tigers fought in leopard-spotted armor.

Crimes punished by death were thieving, adultery, fraud, witchcraft, removal of landmarks and drunkenness, though among the Aztecs' pulque liquor was allowed in moderation to the sick and old.

The Aztecs calculated by grouping dots or circles up to 20, which was shown by a flag. Twenty flags, or 400, was a feather. Twenty feathers, or 8,000, was a purse. For convenience, the symbols were halved or quartered. Thus, 532 was indicated by one feather, a quarter feather, a flag, a half flag and two dots.

The religion of these austere and fatalistic people was as bloody as anything since the world began. Two gods named Two Lord and Two Mistress had four sons, of whom the greatest was Mexitl, usually called Huitzilopochtli, god of the sun and god of war.

From dawn to noon Huitzilopochtli was borne across the sky on the shoulders of the illustrious Aztec dead (dying in sacrifice was as creditable as dying in battle). But the god had to fight his way against the moon and stars. From noon till sunset, he was borne, still fighting, by the rest of the illustrious dead, the women who had died in childbirth. But to fight these daily battles, the sun god needed the constant nourishment of human blood.

Probably the greatest Aztec king was Nezahualcoyotl who lived from 1402 to 1472, dying 47 years before Cortes arrived. He was a great engineer and a codifier of Aztec law. He established a commission of arts and letters which taught young artists and awarded prizes (or punishments for poor work) to musicians, poets, goldsmiths and feather-workers. Whereas Tenochtitlan (now Mexico City) was the military centre of the Aztec confederation, his capital of Texcoco was its cultural centre. He was himself the greatest poet of his time, as can be told by this song:

"Listen with attention to the lamentations which I, the king, Nezahualcoyotl, make upon my power... O restless and striving king, when the time of thy death shall come, thy subjects shall be destroyed and driven forth; they shall sink into dark oblivion. Then in thy hand shall no longer be the power and the rule, but with the creator, the All-Powerful. He who saw the palaces and court of the old king Tezozomoc, how flourishing and powerful was his sway, may see them now dry and withered... all that the world offers is illusion and deception..."

Since he prophesied that his people would be enslaved by strangers, he seems to have been also a prophet.

But far beyond both Aztecs and Mayans in time, still other civilized peoples lived and built in Mexico. On the outskirts of Tlalpan is the pyramid of Cuicuilco, wrapped in a flow of lava which must have occurred several thousand years ago, but well after the pyramid was built. This is therefore the oldest civilized structure on the American continent, but it is wrapped in an inscrutable mystery, for of its builders nothing at all is known.

The Spanish conquest in 1520 put out all the lights in the Aztec and Mayan civilization of Mexico. King Moctezuma, believing Cortes to be the returning white god Quetzalcoatl, urged his people to submit, and was murdered. The last king of Mexico, Cuauhtemoc, defended Mexico City heroically through a long siege. Escaping in a canoe, he was captured and brought before Cortes. Cuauhtemoc invited Cor-

tes to kill him at once. Instead, he was tortured for the secret of the supposed royal treasure. Cortes took him along on the expedition to Honduras, suspected him of a plot and had him hanged, in 1525. What became of his body was a mystery.

With this, the soul of Mexico went underground for 400 years. The great past had died as completely as if buried by the oblivion of 2000 years.

But an irrelevant speculation kept the old traditions from disappearing entirely. For the Catholic Spaniards conceived the odd notion that the Mexicans were either the lost tribes of Israel or the descendants of Naphtuhim, grandson of Noah, who migrated after the building of the tower of Babel. The Spaniards were interested by Biblical research, if not by the past of their subjugated peoples, and so they collected records of the languages, customs and races of Mexico.

Most of the people had forgotten their old kings, their wars and processions and ceremonies. But a few had not. In the town of Ixcateopan, a name shortened from the Aztec for "Here Is Your King," there has always been a little square called the Plaza de Cuauhtemoc. And from generation to generation certain old men passed on to their descendants some papers relating to Cuauhtemoc. One of them was a blank paper with invisible ink writing. It related that the king's body was carried to Ixcateopan, the town where he was born, and buried under the altar of the Asunción Church. The people of the village have for centuries danced a mourning dance, symbolizing transport of a body by night, on the date of the King's death, February 26. But for centuries the Indians were agreed that the time had now come to reveal their secret.

The revolution insensibly shifted the orientation of the Mexican people. Mexico began to wonder about its past. Mexican artists, especially Diego Rivera, put the old emperors and ceremonies into their paintings. For the repudiation of Spanish culture had left all the Mexicans, as it had left Diego Rivera, in a spiritual vacuum. Evidently the Mexicans were far from being able to embrace the cold-seeming, mechanistic culture of the Colossus of the North. Only one door was left open: a return to the past, a rediscovery of their hibernating origins. Thus the Mexicans began a process of re-identifying themselves with their lost gods. This tremendous spiritual experience of the past 20 years today possesses the subconscious of every Mexican.

And so last year the old men of Ixcateopan deemed that the time had come. A Mexican archeologist, Dr. Eulalia Guzman, got on the trail and on September 26 uncovered under the Asunción Church altar what she believed to be the bones of Cuauhtemoc, together with beads of jade, amethyst and metal and a copper disc inscribed "1525."

Some archeologists claimed the bones could not possibly be those of Cuauhtemoc since, for one thing, they included two right legs. The controversy is still raging in Mexico. But as far as can be measured by the joy of the Mexican people, they have found their last king, the hero of Mexico's last stand against the conquerors. The renaissance of Mexico's own culture had reached a climax.

And still, in all Mexico, there is not a single statue of Hernan Cortes.

Bilingual from the Cradle

By Robert Owens

AFTER OUR EVENING MEAL when the last bite of dessert has magically disappeared into the mouth of a hungry five-year-old, our little boy slips from his place, runs to his room, and returns with a collection of his favorite bedtime stories. He deposits himself and his books in my lap, adjusts himself comfortably, and begs with a smile: "Read to me, Daddy." The scene and request are familiar in millions of U. S. homes. The stories are the same, too, but in our case the language is different. Our son's request is put in Spanish and the stories are in that language.

Bobby's blue eyes dance in anticipation as I deliberately peruse some of the books to select a pleasant bedtime story. From the child's well-stocked library there are some of his favorites: Cenicienta (Cinderella), Los Tres Osos (The Three Bears), El Gato con Botas (Puss-in-Boots), Blancanieves (Snow White), and Pulgarcito (Tom Thumb). Bobby himself chooses Cenicienta.

I begin to read slowly, sentence by sentence. Bobby makes a game of repeating each sentence to his mother, who plays her part well, as if she were hearing the story for the very first time. Bobby's enthusiasm mounts as he sees her interest in his narration of the story. Sometimes Bobby gives a rapid-fire translation of the story in English. At other times he entertains us with an original tale in Spanish or gives a new version of an old favorite. We encourage this by listening attentively and applauding.

At the age of five, our son Bobby is an accomplished bilingualist. Although he is growing up in a normal English-speaking Texas home, he speaks Spanish and English with equal fluency. My wife and I use both languages at home. Bobby has, therefore, acquired a command of them quite naturally and without the slightest effort.

There is no secret to it. Any child can easily learn to speak another language—or languages—without any expensive "scientific" or "educational" processes. To achieve this, it is best to begin in the home with the infant.

Bobby spoke Spanish before he learned English—and exclusively for the first three years. Spanish, then, is his "native" language. We began speaking it to him the very day we brought him home from the hospital in Birmingham, Alabama, where he was



Drawing:

By Leopoldo Macias Baez.

born. During his babyhood, the only contact he had with English was through visitors who spoke no Spanish and occasionally through the radio.

Everything went well and we were having great fun until one day, a child-psychologist friend of ours caught us in the act. A look of horror came over his face.

"What are you doing to that child?" he demanded.

"Speaking Spanish to him, of course," replied my wife, quietly.

"It's murder!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"What do you mean?" I challenged, resentful of his attitude and interference.

The psychologist launched into a long discussion of the dangers of teaching a child a "foreign language." He painted a black future for our son, citing many examples to substantiate his claims, and ended by branding us as criminals for destroying our child's personality. His words were ominous and awesome, for thus spoke a psychologist with authority.

Another friend, who happened to be a sociologist, was quick to agree. In fact, many "specialists" and "professionals" joined these two in their dire predictions and in condemning our "foolhardy adventure." Despite the criticism, we patiently continued to speak Spanish to the little blond, blue-eyed boy in the cradle. Heads and tongues wagged, but many applauded our "noble experiment."

I must confess that there were times, as we proudly watched our son lying peacefully asleep, when the sneer painted by our psychologist friend rose to haunt us, and my wife would whisper: "Do you suppose he could be right?"

"Dear," I tried to reassure her, "remember the millions of people—and thousands of brilliant ones—in the world who have spoken several languages from childhood."

Bobby was about nine months old when he began to utter his first syllables. Pointing to the many ob-

jects about him he would repeat their names—*flor* (flower), *coche* (car), *avión* (airplane), *árbol* (tree), and so on. Obviously the child was enjoying his new accomplishment. The approval of Mother and Daddy added to his enthusiasm, and in a short while the words were flowing easily.

Some five or six months were spent in vocabulary building. From the first, his progress was rapid, and his vocabulary grew enormously. One evening, about bedtime, we heard a sudden cry of distress from the fifteen-month-old in the other room. "*Vente, mamá!*" (Come, Mother!) he screamed. We looked at each other in pleased surprise—his first sentence! We dashed to him shouting "*Bravo! Bravo!*" The fact that we now obeyed his command as he had responded to ours gave the child the reassurance he needed and helped to establish firmly his self-confidence.

While playing ball with me one afternoon shortly afterward, Bobby came out with his next sentences. "*Damela*" (Give it to me!) he called. Then he rolled the ball across the floor, shouting with glee: "*Allá va!*" (There it goes!). A few nights later he pushed the soup back and said his first long sentence: "*La sopa está caliente.*" (The soup is hot.) His enunciation was remarkably distinct.

This summer in Mexico City Bobby "assisted" in the half-hour of instruction in English at his private kindergarten in San Angel. He is now helping us teach his year-old sister Marcia, whose linguistic score so far is: *Ay! Ay!, agua, and mamá.* My college Spanish students and our maid, who speaks "*Tex-Mex,*" are inclined to be self-conscious in Bobby's presence.

Popular reactions in this country to Bobby's bilingual ability are at times highly amusing; at others, somewhat absurd. Some people just stare; others turn up their noses as if to say: "*Humph! Foreigners!*" Now and then we receive a request to "Make him say something in Spanish," as if he were a well-edu-

cated parrot. Needless to say, we do not comply. We are also happy to report such attention has in no way affected our son.

Typical of most comments we receive is this blunt inquiry: "Does he understand what you are saying in that language?" We are glad to explain, and usually end by winning a convert to our cause in our private crusade to make the United States language-conscious. For his part, Bobby has had difficulty in understanding why everybody does not speak both English and Spanish. There is also the problem of his wanting to be like the other children, but this has never become a major issue. The desire for conformity is perfectly natural, and we realize that it will be a powerful factor in shaping his thoughts and actions. That is why we ask ourselves with some trepidation: "What prejudices, fears, and dislikes will our son acquire in school when he enters next year?" Despite this, we have faith in the foundation which we have helped him lay.

Besides Spanish and English, Bobby has heard Arabic, French, Portuguese, and German. What he hears he repeats with ease and clarity. Particularly astonishing to some of our friends was his repetition of a child's story in Arabic. They saw in this an example of our son's "unusual ability." But we insist there is nothing "unusual" about it. All children are natural linguists—if given the opportunity.

We feel our efforts have been well rewarded. Bobby's personality and intellect seem not to have suffered. On the contrary, we believe his bilingual training has benefited his social and intellectual development, for he is at ease with people of all ages and nationalities. He knows no boundaries of language, race, color, or creed—we hope he never will. Furthermore, he wanders with his parents through a wonderful world of languages, and we enjoy together vistas that people of one language can never know

Mountain Wind

By Helen Maring

CANYON wind, a swift white stallion,
Prances the slopes, his mist-mane blowing,
Tramples the paint-brush of bright vermillion,
While summer and autumn are gaily going.
He gallops away like a mad colt playing,
While crags re-echo his sharp high neighing.



BEACH AT ACAPULCO. Oil.

By Armando García Nuñez.

Armando García Nuñez

By Guillermo Rivas

ARMANDO García Nuñez was born in the City of Oaxaca sixty-seven years ago. He was a pupil of Antonio Fabrés at the San Carlos Academy during the eventful period at the turn of the century which developed the generation of painters who in subsequent years of social and political strife achieved a revolution in our aesthetic realm.

Together with other gifted young painters of his era, García Nuñez was granted a government scholarship to complete his studies in Europe, and dividing his time between Paris, Madrid, Barcelona and Rome he spent several years in assiduous work, attending classes, visiting museums, copying masterworks, gathering an extensive knowledge of art's evolution and acquiring a technical facility in almost every medium of painting.

It is impossible to separate art from the person who creates it. Utterly sincere and extremely modest as a person, García Nuñez has clearly defined these salient personal traits in his art. During a time when all aesthetic traditions have suffered continuous as-

sault, when so many of his contemporaries defiantly abandoned the influence of their early training and went forth to blaze forth revolutionary trails, García Nuñez has calmly guarded his invulnerability. Through out several decades of ubiquitous mutation he has preserved his aesthetic aloofness and an unmarred integrity, following with admirable modesty his own creative course. He has always known that perfection cannot be achieved by strident departure or rebellious negation.

Preserving its basic personal character, his art has undergone the gradual, consistent and harmonious change of deeper comprehension, clearer vision and a more refined technique. A naturalist of the post-impressionist era, his naturalism does not define merely the skillful copying of nature. It defines a synthetic impression, a fresh and personal vision of the sights he depicts. Avoiding spectacular themes, he finds his subject matter casually, without studied selection, along the Mexican byways, the landscape and the people of his native land, and he imbues such subject matter with beauty and deep significance because of the feeling and thought that have been invested in its expression.



LANDSCAPE IN GUERRERO. Oil.
By Armando García Nuñez.



LAGUNA DE LOS LEONES. Oil.
By Armando García Nuñez.



PEDREGAL LANDSCAPE. Oil
By Armando García Nuñez.



A DOORWAY IN TLALPAN. OIL.

By Armando Garcia Nuñez.



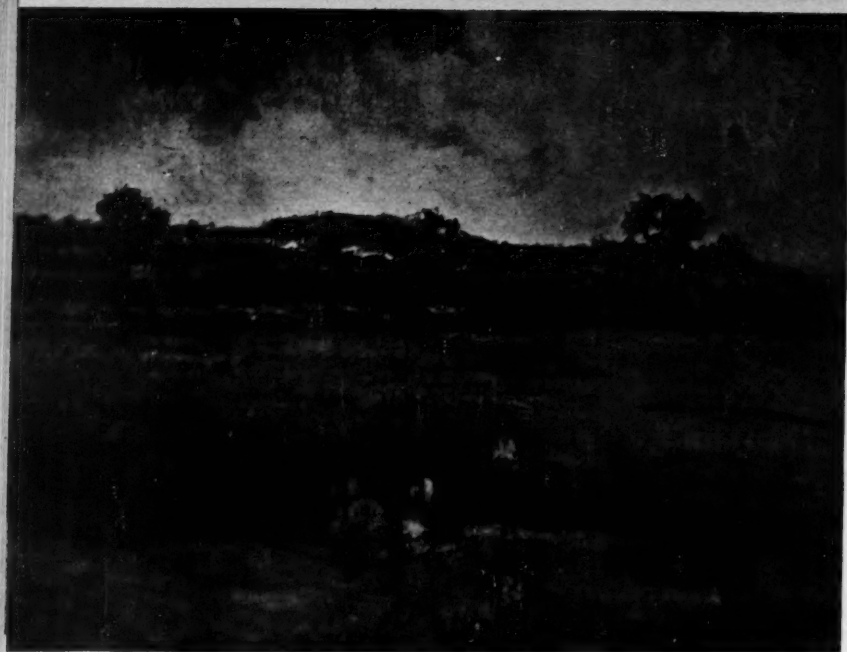
LANGOSTA BEACH. OIL.

By Armando Garcia Nuñez.

XOCHIMILCO. OIL.

By Armando Garcia Nuñez.





EL PEDREGAL. OIL.

By Armando García Nuñez.



HORNOS BEACH, ACAPULCO. OIL.

By Armando García Nuñez.



LANDSCAPE IN GUERRERO. OIL
By Armando García Nuñez.

W
c
m
L
f
S
n
N
t
e
in
G
m
p
ti
ea
si
S
ea
F
A
nu
pa
ra
iti
W
W
ed
ber
abl
Sor
rat
mo
in t
ey
gen
Kon
Uni
est
for
are
mov
of C
Hem
gent

Un Poco de Todo

LATIN AMERICA AND THE COREAN WAR

THE tough, dangerous war in Korea has had one effect in Washington which has been comparatively little publicized: U. S. defense and diplomatic establishments began asking themselves how much and what kind of help it would require from Latin America to carry on with the struggle. What were the prospects of getting it, and what was being done, or should be done, to improve the outlook? To what extent could the U.S. count on the twenty Western Hemisphere republics to be "on its side" if and when the conflict approached an all-out stage, and where were the dangers of defections?

The same questions were being asked between Munich and Pearl Harbor ten or more years ago. Many of the same problems have reappeared—problems of organizing supply lines, production, and stockpiling; of ironing out economic rifts and political misunderstandings between the Hemisphere governments; of protecting the Panama Canal and the major security spots of the Western land mass; of coping with political infiltration and threats of sabotage.

On the surface the cooperation this time came faster. In a resolution the Organization of American States, composed of twenty Latin American governments and the United States, supported the United Nations' action commissioning United States forces to resist Communist invasion of South Korea. By acclamation they declared their solidarity with the Washington government in the Far Eastern military emergencies.

Guatemala, where Communist penetration in domestic politics has been notably effective during the past three years joined the chorus, along with Argentina's refusal to break relations with the Fascist Axis early in World War II. Colombia's Conservative President-elect, Laureano Gómez, an opponent of United States influence in inter-American affairs from his early manhood, and once an apologist for the Nazi-Fascist cause, issued a public statement endorsing American operation in Korea. So did President Arnulfo Arias of Panama, who was also a Nazi sympathizer in 1941.

Tentative negotiations for the sale of strategic raw materials, largely as yet unproduced, were initiated in a number of Latin American capitals or Washington embassies. Offers of the use of old World War II air transport and military bases, hardly required for a war in remote Korea, came in sufficient numbers to be almost embarrassing.

Underneath the surface, however, it is questionable if the Hemisphere front is as solid as it seemed. Some of the offers of assistance and the fervid declarations in favor of the United States were obviously motivated by Latin American wishfulness that trouble in the Far East would restore the Good Neighbor policy in all its pristine generosity. The extent of our generosity will naturally depend on the extent of the Korean involvement.

Among the more enthusiastic supporters of the United States are a number of Latin America's toughest and most reactionary dictatorships—Nicaragua, for instance, the Dominican Republic, and Peru—which are accustomed to treating the mildest of democratic movements in their own bailiwicks as outcroppings of Communism. At a somewhat higher level of the Hemisphere power structure, President Perón of Argentina was quoted in an interview in Buenos Aires

as saying that in order to beat the Reds the Western world must give up individualism. "Liberal individualism has already failed" was the pronouncement.

In a word, quite a lot of Latin American sentiment which in a general way is in favor of checking Communism a long way off did not necessarily wish to see this result achieved through a victory in which the political principles of the United States would prevail.

Meanwhile in countries like Guatemala and Cuba, where the Communist penetrations are deepest, the party propaganda mills kept grinding out the charge that the United States was being justifiably crushed in a vicious and desperate imperialistic adventure in Asia. This, needless to say, took some of the edge off the officially correct declarations of the governments.

Except for some phases of the Communist penetrations, however, most of these flaws in Hemisphere solidarity are minor. The huge defense appropriations tackled by Congress in mid-July were bound, for instance, to step up purchases of strategic raw materials.

* * *

If things go from bad to worse in Korea, if we are faced with the Communist capture of Indo-China, or with a Russian thrust into Iran and Iraq, stockpiling of Western Hemisphere materials would have to be resumed on a wartime basis.

These are the commodities from Latin America that the U.S. would need: Brazilian and Cuban manganese; Bolivian tin, tungsten, and antimony; Peruvian copper and vanadium; Brazilian mica, quartz crystals, industrial diamonds, vegetable oils, raw rubber, and bauxite; sisal and abacá cordage fibers and kapok from the Caribbean republics; and medical substances and chemical supplies from all countries.

Buying these on a large scale would have three important results:—

1. It would greatly improve shaky dollar balances, and necessitate large financial assistance from the United States to get production organized. Such assistance would come chiefly in the form of government or public Export-Import Bank credits, which is the shape in which most of the governments want it.

2. It would take the edge off Latin America's disappointment over the post-war failure of the U.S. to bolster its economies with public loans, while billions of Marshall Plan dollars rolled across the Atlantic to establish a front against Soviet power in Europe.

3. It would weaken the Communist appeal in many areas by improving employment and wage conditions, and give several troubled Latin American governments strong practical incentives to ride herd on their Communist fifth columns.

WAR AND THE 'DOLLAR GAP'

Has the "dollar gap" problem evaporated overnight because of the Korean conflict?

Those claiming that the world shortage of dollars will be cured—at Uncle Sam's expense—point to the fact that this country will be spending hundreds or millions of dollars throughout the world for such strategic raw materials as rubber, tin and wool. The

Continued on page 46

Literary Appraisals

NEW WORLD LITERATURE: TRADITION AND REVOLT IN LATIN AMERICA. by Arturo Torres-Rioseco. Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1949, 250 p.

FOR ARTURO TORRES-RIOSECO, author of so many textbooks and studies based on exhaustive research, writing his latest work must have been as pleasant as composing poetry or thinking out loud to a group of friends... and enemies. "New World Literature: Tradition and Revolt in Latin America" is penned with spirit and passion by one who knows the subject thoroughly.

Unexplained statements and omissions are partly the result of a conflict between the book's plan and the way it is carried out. Certain basic historical and bibliographical information is required for the English-speaking public to whom the volume is addressed. Torres-Rioseco knows how to present such facts perhaps better than anyone else. Witness his history of Ibero-American literature, his two volumes on the novel, his biographical and critical study of Darío. But this robs him of the space to define and analyze completely the problem or problems with which he is concerned. To those familiar with the subject, the omissions are not important, for Torres-Rioseco himself, in earlier works has dealt, sometimes masterfully, with the genres and individuals that are only lightly touched on here.

But what are the problems he sees after years and years of research and creative effort? First, let us keep in mind the title and sub-title.

In the introductory chapter, Torres-Rioseco asserts unequivocally that despite all protestations of spiritual unity, "in Latin America we do not really know one another." He is moved to seek understanding of the continent's spiritual life through literature because "the prime definition of the Spanish American man is found in the light of his aesthetic attitude toward life." He acknowledges the failure of the Hispanic American political, economic, and social system, but asserts that the region's literature has little by little acquired a personality of its own, to such an extent that it reveals a new type of man and a different world. It is his aim to define this evolutionary process. He does not try to settle the dispute about the appropriateness of the terms "Latin America," "Spanish America," "Ibero-America," "Our America," "New World," "my continent," or *raza*. Actually, the book deals with Spanish America and Brazil.

The newcomer to the subject will profit from the sketch of 16th century Mexico in the second chapter, on colonial culture in America. It is an example applicable to other parts of the American Spanish Empire. A superficial picture of the pre-Columbian civilizations is given, and the statement is made that "had it not been for the exemplary stimulus given by the 16th century Spaniards to the formation of cultural and spiritual values, Latin America would have been a savage, sterile colonial territory."

Next, a special chapter is devoted to Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, "the most important literary figure of Colonial Hispanic America," a "purely Spanish" poet without any trace of "Mexicanism." In the author's view, it was very fortunate that there was no "literary Americanism" in the colonial period, since any excessive zeal for Indian, Negro, gaucho, or regional aspects at the beginning of American literature

development would have been premature and self-destroying.

There is a little history in the chapter on "Independence and Romanticism," which painlessly carries the reader down to the end of the 19th century, though the idea of such a jump may sound brusque. With José Asunción Silva, we arrive at the gates of modernism. The rich folkloric vein, so characteristic of Spanish America, is brilliantly examined in connection with Martín Fierro. Torres-Rioseco's firm critical standards are apparent when he refuses to call that poem an epic, while he praises its great merits as an expression of popular poetry.

We then come full face upon the literature in which tradition definitely begins to yield, first, to French influence, and then to interpretations that reveal the awakening of a genuine Americanism. Torres-Rioseco shows unusual mastery of the subject of French influence and arrives at a conclusion that is worth thinking about; "French literature has served also to counterbalance the disproportionate enthusiasm that exists on our continent for popular and folkloric literature." The author is at his best and we see most of him in the chapters reevaluating Rubén Darío and discussing social poetry. He takes pains to restore to the Uruguayan critic Rodó the extraordinary prestige he enjoyed in the happy days of Arielism, but, despite the justice of Torres' remarks, his generous effort does not succeed in convincing this reader.

The last chapter, "The Parallel between Brazilian and Spanish American Literature," explores a field that Spanish Americans need to get acquainted with. The author devoted considerable attention to Brazilian literature in his earlier work, *The Epic of Latin American Literature*. The same interest in Brazilian works on the part of a Spanish American critic occurred, though less markedly, in Pedro Henríquez Ureña's "Literary Currents in Hispanic America" (1945). It is worth noting that in the present volume Torres-Rioseco deals out Brazilian as naturally as Spanish or French names to illustrate any subject at hand. This emphasizes the importance of the Chilean critic's contribution to the task of integration of America, to which he has devoted himself for so long.

The theme set forth by the sub-title, "Tradition and Revolt in Latin America," is not so clearly traced as one might hope. The conflict is there, latent, from the introduction to the next-to-last chapter, "Poetry of the Future," but it is hard to put a finger on it. The temptation is to identify the dualism with that of Spanish vs. French, or colonial vs. the genuinely American. But could it not be applied also to Sor Juana? He tells us that Sor Juana was a rebel, a living symbol of a restless people oppressed by the political and religious imperialism of the era. Perhaps there was another dualism at work. He alludes to it in one of his most penetrating pages. "We must always keep in mind the dual source of Argentinian literature, and Hispanic American literature in general: on the one hand the folkloric forms of expression, and on the other the academic tendency which inclines toward precise imitation of European models."

At all events, though it may be unjust to insist upon it, in this book Torres-Rioseco does not give us the benefit of all the elements of judgment he has used on other occasions. In this case, the plan of the book or the conditions imposed by the publishers did not allow more extensive coverage of the novelists, or Florencio Sánchez' drama, or the work of the humanists like Bello, Cuervo, and Alfonso Reyes. But, when

dealing with the conflict between tradition and rebellion, Torres-Rioseco gives dramatic force to his unforgettable interpretations of the poetry of Sor Juana, Darío, and Neruda.

F. A.

THE OUTSIDER, by Ernesto Sábato. Translated from the Spanish by H. A. de Onís (Originally published as *El Túnel*. Buenos Aires, Ediciones "Sur," 1948). New York, Knopf, 1950 177 p.

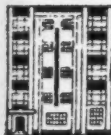
THE ARGENTINE WRITER Ernesto Sábato's first novel, now published in English as "The Outsider" appeared originally in Buenos Aires in September 1948 as "El Túnel." Its immediate success found echo in Paris, where shortly thereafter it appeared a French translation sponsored by Albert Camus. But neither the Argentine nor the French success will help in predicting the kind of reception it will have in the United States. For this novel plumbs the depths of the soul so cruelly and relentlessly that it may prove too strong for the placid novel-reading public there. The less squeamish reader, however, will discover in "The Outsider" a clever book, written in a highly poetical yet lean and economical prose, and dexterously put together—in short, something extraordinary in Latin American writing.

The external happenings in Sábato's novel are negligible. The narrator is a promising painter, particularly fond of the hidden meanings in his art. Dur-

ing an exhibition he observes a young woman focusing her admiration upon a recondite corner of one of his canvases, an aspect which really matters to him but which no one else has ever noticed before. He feels that this young person, Teresa, wife of a blind man, understands his art. Eventually she becomes his paramour and the object of his extreme jealousy. The anguish wrought by the sadism and masochism of the main character constitutes the major part of the novel, which ends catastrophically: the painter stabs his mistress to death and drives her blind husband to suicide.

Though one could hardly say that Sábato strove consciously to imitate, two contemporary tendencies seem to converge in "The Outsider." One is the trend exemplified by Jorge Luis Borges toward lifting the mystery story to a respectable literary plane where the reader is beguiled and at the same time puzzled, so that the solving of enigmas and riddles, an intellectual activity, becomes the main source of entertainment. And of course the other is the Existentialist trend, which by emphasizing suffering so often merges with the first tendency, making Sartre, for in-

HOTEL SAVOY



MODERN - COMFORTABLE - ECONOMIC

Bath & Telephone in Every Room. Unsurpassed Service. 10.00 pesos up.

ZARAGOZA No. 10, Corn. Puente de Alvarado.

Close to Summer School. Tels. 21-14-84; 21-14-84.

— SCALES? —

NO! DON'T BUY ONLY SCALES

A study of your Weighing Problem is free.

MENDOZA Y TOMLINSON

Calzada del Niño Perdido 16, 3rd. floor

PROVEEDOR DE INDUSTRIAS, S. A.

Torreon, Coahuila



Antigua
CASA BUSTILLO

FOUNDED IN 1853

ANTIQUE JEWELRY

FURNITURE

FINE SILVER

ANTIQUES

BOLIVAR 36 - MEXICO, D. F.

DE LA FUENTE BUSTILLO, S. A.

**MEXICAN JEWELRY and
HANDICRAFTS. FINE ARTS
and ANTIQUES.**
GALERIAS ORTIZ
Monterrey N° 29
Branch Shop in Center
JOYAS MATILDE, Pasaje América
Facing Sanborn's



MEZCAL
OAXACACOCH

DISTRIBUIDORES EXCLUSIVOS

CALVO y REBOLLO, S. de R. L.

ANILLO DE CIRCUNVALACION Nº 228 ESQ. CON GUATEMALA
MEXICO, D. F.



TEL. 10-09-54

MADE IN MEXICO
REG. S. S. A. N° 31230 "A"

**A GOOD MEZCAL IS
LIKE A GOOD COGNAC**

DON'T MERELY ASK FOR A MEZCAL

...ASK FOR A OAXACACOCH



**DEMAND SANTA ROSA TEXTILES
WITH THE ROOSTER TRADE MARK**



It's a Guarantee of Quality

Our SANFORIZED Fabrics Will Not
Shrink More Than 1 Per Cent.

FROM OLDEN TIMES...

Piza 1902

"Cana al Aire" PIZA 1902

stance, appear closer to Miss Blandish than to Kierkegaard.

Nevertheless, Sábato's book does mark a step forward in the Latin American novel, which has hitherto failed to attain international recognition on two counts: first and foremost, its superficial, often puerile psychology—ridiculous motivation, blurred character delineation, etc.; secondly, its rhetorical afflatus, its pompous "literary" style. Despite its hair-raising Gothic elements, Sábato's novel could well serve as a corrective in these two vital respects.

A. F.

BRAZILIAN CULTURE: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CULTURE IN BRASIL, by Fernando de Azevedo. Translated by William Rex Crawford. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1950. 568 p. illus.

THE NATIONAL CENSUS COMMISSION of Brazil was clearly not content simply to take the general census of 1940 and make its findings available in printed form. It also felt (and very wisely) that the principal conclusions of the census ought to be properly understood, but how, the Commission asked itself, would this be possible unless they were placed in historical perspective? As Prof. José Carneiro Felipe, director of the Commission, expressed it, "the Brazilian people have created a special civilization whose interpretation presupposes a knowledge of the factors that permitted them not only to take possession of an immense territory... but also the assimilation... of three ethnic groups on three distinct levels of cultural development." The Commission thereupon made arrangements with Professor Fernando de Azevedo, widely known in Brazil as a sociologist and educator, to write a book that would throw the "light of the evolution of Brazilian culture" upon the results of the census. First published in Rio de Janeiro by the Commission in 1943, Prof. Azevedo's "A Cultura Brasileira" was immediately acclaimed and won the Brazilian Academy's Machado de Assis Prize. This book, translated by Professor William Rex Crawford of the University of Pennsylvania, has now made its appearance in English.

EL DRAGON DE ORO, S. A.
CHINESE ART GOODS

Close to your home wherever you live.

THREE STORES:

Independencia and San Juan de Letram
Insurgentes 345 — Pres. Marsaryk 357

*The best in
ALLIGATOR!*

**BUY DIRECTLY
FROM THE
FACTORY AT
FACTORY PRICES**



PRADO BAGS

REVILLAGIGEDO 2

Facing the Hotel Del Prado

Tel. 10-18-58

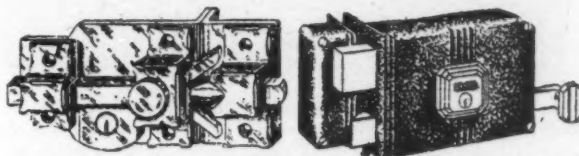
The first of its three sections is entitled "The Factors of Culture," that is to say, "Land and Race," "The Work of Man," "The Development of Urban Life," "Social and Political Evolution," and "The Psychology of the Brazilian People." The second is devoted to "Culture." There are chapters here on "Intellectual Life—The Liberal Profession," "Literary Life," "Science," and "Art." The final section, "The Transmission of Culture," concerns itself exclusively with education in a series of chapters with these titles: "The Significance of Colonial Education," "The Origins of Scholastic Institutions," "Decentralization and the Dual System," "The Reform and Unification of the Educational System," and "General Education and Various Types of Special Education."

In these chapters culture is taken to mean, in the words of W. Humboldt, that moral, intellectual, and artistic state "in which men have managed to rise above simple considerations of social utility and have achieved the disinterested study of the sciences and arts." But it is not enough, as the author says, to place Brazilian culture "within the social, economic, and political framework of the history of the country..." It must also be placed within "the general movement of which our culture is only one of the special forms." More specifically, it is important "for our comprehension of the phenomenon in Brazil that we relate it constantly to its fundamental source—Iberic civilization, and more generally to Western civilization—and then analyze the special characteristics which that civilization acquired in the interior of Brazil under the pressure of factors operating there and in conformity to the various conditions of our historical and social evolution."

It is good, of course, to have Prof. Azevedo say these things, because the development of Brazil can really be seen in no other way, but it is better still to know that he tried to be faithful to them in his book. The author undertook a job of enormous proportions—certainly the most ambitious historical project since Gilberto Freyre's "The Masters and the Slaves"—yet

LOCKS OF EVERY TYPE

FAC y TEMEX



"ALERTA" BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEM

For your Home, Car, Office, Factory or Warehouse. Install an "Alerta" and be safe. Extremely reasonable in cost. Strictly guaranteed. Let our experts solve your problem.



TWO STORES TO SERVE YOU

Luis Moya No. 57

Bolívar 66.

Tel.: 21-02-07 - Tels.: 18-43-94, 36-23-51

ASK FOR FREE DEMONSTRATION

When dealing with advertisers, please mention
"MEXICAN LIFE"

Hotel
America
Marsella 28

TELS. 11-42-81 - 35-88-92

42 Rooms
Baths

Swiss Management

Small but Refined

Silva.
-ENCUADERNADOR-

FINE BOOK BINDING

All classes of Art Leather Work

on Books or Cases.

We fill mail orders.

Londres No. 166, Col. Juarez
México, D. F.



FINE SILVER

Great variety of exclusive designs. Buy direct from manufacturer and eliminate the middleman's profit.

ALL OUR ARTICLES ARE 925/M STERLING.

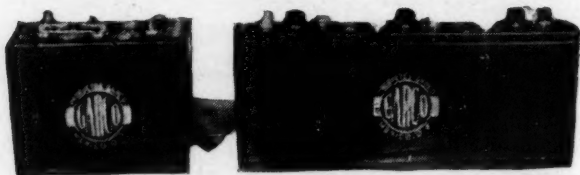
Visit our shops and see our craftsmen at work:

IGNACIO VIGUERAS

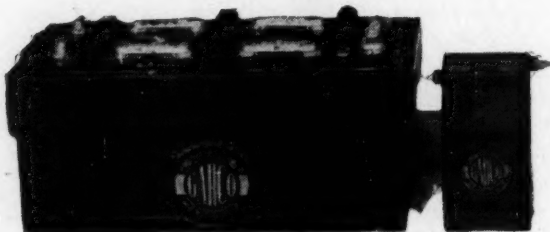
CALZADA de la PIEDAD 167

Tel. 14-55-56

GARCO BATTERIES ARE BETTER



Last Longer Under The Most Adverse Circumstances. Specially Built For the Topographical And Climatological Conditions of the Country.



We use Exclusively "HYDROSET" Lead Oxides, Genuine Hard Rubber Containers, Glass Separator Mats, and Microporous Rubber Separators.

It is not Possible to Buy Better Batteries at Any Price. Our Prices are Reasonable

The GARCO Battery Line is the Most Complete. All Types and Sizes for All Uses—from the Small Motorcycle Battery to the Medium Sizes for Automobiles, Busses and Trucks of all makes, including the Powerful Diesel and Marine Types for Heavy Trucks, Stationary Plants, Aeroplane Starting, Boats, etc.

Manufacturers and Distributors
PRODUCTOS GARCO
 Obrero Mundial 595, Col. Alamos, Mexico, D. F.

PERFUMES

ALL THE GENUINE FRENCH ESSENCES IN
 WIDEST CHOICE
 FINE TOILETRIES

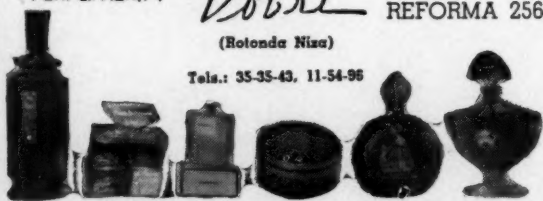
You'll find everything here for your dressing table

PERFUMERIA

Dobri
 (Rotonda Niza)

REFORMA 256

Tels.: 35-35-43, 11-54-96



he handled all of its many different parts with remarkable competence. It is hardly necessary to say that the book will not please everybody. There are passages that some scholars will take exception to, and there are facts that have not been used with discretion. Prof. Azevedo will occasionally let himself go, abandon momentarily his objectivity, and talk about the sort of obscurantism that liberalistic writers have been talking about for years. But he does not do this often enough to detract seriously from the book's excellence. Actually, nothing so comprehensive in scope or so lavishly illustrated has ever been published on Brazilian culture, and no other book, with all its little faults, so adequately gives us the portrait of a great country.

The translation by Prof. Crawford is a distinguished and faithful rendering of the original. (One could point out the almost inevitable slips and typographical errors.) There are 418 carefully chosen illustrations, copious footnotes, and very complete bibliographies. The book, in short, is a splendid new item on the growing list of books in English on Brazil. Libraries will also find "Brazilian Culture" indispensable as a reference tool.

M. C.

ADIOS, O'SHAUGHNESSY. By Robert Tallman. 227 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co.

THIS O'Shaughnessy, retired from the U. S. Air Force as a psychoneurotic on the evidence of three cracked-up training planes, is an exile in Mexico. He encounters Gloria Blackman, a flower of femininity, who is a bit short on fragrance and also on inhibitions. Robert Tallman, an experienced writer for radio and the screen, puts this starcrossed couple through various gruesome episodes with sundry warped Mexicans, Americans, Nazis and British secret agents. At one point, Gloria almost maims O'Shaughnessy for life, which makes him think that perhaps he loves her. Some merry moments involving murder, earthquakes and other forms of human and natural violence help the couple to understand the true nature of their tender feelings.

H. G.

YALE Symbol of Security
 in the Home.

BE SAFE with a YALE padlock
 or Cabinet lock.

LOCKS for buildings, trunks, & furniture.
 REPAIRS, INSTALLATION, KEYS OF ALL KINDS.

CERRAJERIA AMERICANA
 S. A.

Corn. Independencia & López
 Tels.: 35-22-26, 12-09-46



Representatives of the
 FAMOUS COLORS.



CASA DEL ARTE, S. de R. L.

AV. INDEPENDENCIA No. 101 - C

Tel. 18-36-20

ARTISTS' COLORS - BRUSHES - ART SUPPLIES
and MATERIALS

Framing in Exclusive Designs.

We have now in stock the complete assortment of Grumbacher Pastels,
 loose or in sets.

Current Attractions

SYMPHONY

By Vane C. Dalton

THE National Symphony Orchestra initiated its fifth annual concert season at the Palacio de Bellas Artes presenting Giuseppe Verdi's monumental work, "Misa de Réquiem," conducted by Luis Sandi. Vocally and instrumentally, the opening concert was an outstanding success. It can be hardly doubted that Sandi, who on this occasion revealed his fullest mastery, is the best choral conductor in this city. His wide experience and singular ability elevated the National Conservatory Chorus to its present position of solid prestige and has given veritable fame to the Madrigalista Chorus which was created and developed by him.

"Misa de Requiem" had already reaped abundant applause when it was presented by Sandi during the foregone season. In its last presentation the conductor obtained from the chorus and orchestra an even finer, a cleaner and more polished rendition. "Misa de Requiem" is a work of great dimensions, and as such it presents innumerable problems. Each passage in it is complex and profound. Sandi has apparently delved deeply into the essential substance of this composition, and has carefully studied the best way of managing his chorus and orchestra so that they may provide a perfect vehicle for the rendition of his conception of this work. And as the result of it, he achieved a magnificent performance.

Sandi successfully brought out the colorfulness which characterizes all of Verdi's music, and the inner force and savour which the great Italian composer invested in his work. The rhythm was carried out with agility and fine precision and the perspective of reliefs and proportions in each passage was rendered in the modern, functional manner. The melodious lines stood out with sharp clarity over the vast harmonious fondo, in such way that the polyphonic course was clearly exposed, without confusion or vagueness which so often occur in this type of

music because of the large number of participating musicians and singers.

The orchestra performed throughout with marked excellence. The musicians, fully understanding their respective parts, happily responded to Sandi's direction. Sandi, incidentally, belongs among the very few conductors who can permit themselves the privilege of conducting without a baton. The mimicry of his hands, sober, eloquent, exact and invariably elegant, amply suffices for his task.

The performance of the National Conservatory Chorus, though quite satisfactory, was widely excelled by the orchestra. While it has been showing steady improvement in recent years, it still lacks the beautifully balanced and sonorous quality which has been achieved by the Madrigalistas Chorus.

The soloists—Oralia Dominguez, Celia García, Roberto Silva and José I. Sanchez—achieved a splendid rendition.

For Highest Quality
in Mirrors, Covers, Engravings,
and everything in glass for perfect decoration,
nothing excels the products



of
LUNAS VELARDE, S. A.

Heliotrope No. 155
16-02-36

México, D. F.
38-09-10

We submit projects on request and free of obligation on your part.

OYSTERS

Fresh from the sea to your table!

BUY THEM AT ANY ONE OF THESE MODERN OYSTER SHOPS:

"VILLA DEL MAR"—In front of the Telegraph Offices,

"PLAYA AZUL"—López No. 39

"LAS PALMAS"—Lleja 40 - in front of Salubridad

"NAUTLA"—1st. Callejón of 5 de Mayo—in front of Edificio Roxy

"MAZATLAN"—Donceles No. 27

"LA PLAYA"—Soto No. 12

*The Best on
the Market!*

"VERACRUZ"—Bolívar No. 135-2

"BAHIA DE GUAYMAS"—Av. Chapultepec 249

We Extend our Congratulations to the Mexican People on the 140th Anniversary of Independence Day.



Produced by

CREMERIA AMERICANA

(AMERICAN CREAMERY)

"Gloria" and "La Camelia"

(Salted) (Un-Salted)
Office at 4^a Mártires de la Conquista 94.
Tacubaya, D. F.

Branch at Calle Ocampo 237 Guadalajara, Jal.

INSIST ON THESE BRANDS IF YOU ARE
SEEKING PURITY and WHOLESOMENESS

XX

The Beer
that makes
Milwaukee
jealous.



Reg. No. 4859 "A" S. S. A. - Prop. No. 3-4

CERVECERIA MOCTEZUMA. S.A.

Paul Collaer conducted the second concert of the season, offering our public a work that has never before been presented in our midst, "Orpheus," by Claudio Monteverdi. The distinguished guest conductor had at his disposal a magnificent ensemble of musicians and singers who faithfully followed his guidance in the interpretation of this highly unusual and difficult work. For despite its apparent simplicity, "Orpheus," written more than three hundred years ago and generally regarded as the authentic forerunner of opera art, is extremely difficult to interpret in such way that it may preserve its original aesthetic sense and musical values. The orchestra in this case must create a music of the epoch. Its distinct technique and lyrical concept compel the performers to attune themselves to a somewhat rudimentary idea and to express it with the characteristic primitivism it requires. The instruments and the voices have to maintain themselves at times over prolonged passages on what to modern ears sounds like a rather forced register. The performers must achieve the refined and subtle expressiveness of this work within highly reduced musical margins.

All this Paul Collaer achieved with the chorus and orchestra in his magnificent version of "Orpheus." The work of the chorus and of the wind instruments was especially outstanding, while the soloists—Concha de los Santos, Consuelo Castro Escobar, Fela Rodriguez, Margarita Gonzalez, Ignacio Rufino, José I. Sanchez, Jose Mendieta, Alfonso Carone, David Padilla and Pedro Garnica—received well merited applause. The musicians who played the primitive string instruments that were imported from Europe for this special occasion likewise deserve a great deal of praise.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention

"MEXICAN LIFE"

ORNARE

Plateria

STERLING SILVER

OF THE FINEST WORKMANSHIP
JEWELRY, TEA SETS, SILVERWARE

Insurgentes No. 324-B
Half a block from Sears

WESTON'S

AVE. MADERO 13

MEXICO CITY MEXICO

OVER HALF A CENTURY OF
SERVICE TO OUR CUSTOMERS

OLD FIREARMS, LEATHER GOODS,
ANTIQUE JEWELRY, SILVER
AND NATIVE CRAFTS.

The third program of the season, conducted by the orchestra's titular director, José Pablo Moncayo, included his own composition, "Tierra de Temporal," Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, Beethoven's Concerto No. 5 for a piano and orchestra, and Stravinsky's "Consecration of Spring."

The gifted Mexican pianist Maria Teresa Rodriguez, performing as soloist in the Beethoven concerto, achieved a very pleasing performance. Her refined technique, the delicate and emotive quality of her touch and a mature musicianship have justly placed her in the foreground among the new generation of native musicians. The orchestra and the soloist achieved a splendid unison in the interpretation of this great concerto.

Moncayo's "Tierra de Temporal," like all his other compositions, is based on popular native tunes, ably stylized and utilized with imagination and force in the creation of an original piece of work. Like Chavez and Revueltas, Moncayo seeks his creative material in his native soil, extracting therefrom an ample measure of significance. Placed on the program between Beethoven and Stravinsky, the profound Mexicanism of "Tierra de Temporal" provided a delightful variation.

The highly successful presentation of this season's first three programs has added considerably to the growing prestige of the National Symphony Orchestra.

Including the most select of our musical talent, this orchestra has safely traversed its perilous incipient years, and is rapidly gaining wide public support.



We offer

ONLY

THE BEST

We offer to our many friends of the American Colony the most extensive choice of imported and domestic turkeys, geese, ducks and suckling pigs.

We always carry the best in American and European meats, cheese, butter, ham, bacon, salami.

We cordially invite you to visit us, assured that we can please you

AMERICAN STYLE CUTS.

We are open from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. and deliver to any address.

Telephones: 24-51-21, 32-12-27.

OUR BEST PERSONAL ATTENTION.

MODESTO MARTINEZ & BROTHERS



High Quality
and
Distinction

JEWELRY

Rubio

AVE. MADERO 36

MEXICO, D.

Take No Chances

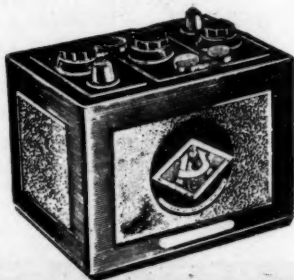
BEFORE YOU START ON YOUR TRIP, or when you note any defect in your generator, starter, or any part of the ignition system of your automobile, bring it immediately to our Electric Service Shops "MONTERREY", where our attentive and capable staff will give you EFFICIENT SERVICE at a FAIR PRICE. The prestige and reliability of our organizations is your best guarantee.

...and you will always be right in choosing a

"MONTERREY" BATTERY

Because it has the greatest power and lasts much longer than others.

Manufactured of oxides and lead of ABSOLUTE PURITY and first quality materials "MONTERREY" BATTERIES are unexcelled in duration and performance.



ACUMULADORES MONTERREY, S.A.

TOLSA 54 (A UN PASO DE BUCARELI) MEXICO, D.F.
WASHINGTON-1142, OTE. MONTERREY, N.L.
COLON-1452 al 1480, GUADALAJARA, JAL.

Art and Personal Notes

A COMPREHENSIVE show of works by Paul O'Higgins is being offered at this time by the Salon de la Plastica Mexicana (Calle de Puebla No. 54) O'Higgins, who came to Mexico twenty-five years ago, has been closely identified with the local mural art movement, having decorated walls at the Abelardo Rodriguez Market, the Talleres Graficos de la Nacion, Maternity Hospital No. 1 of the Seguro Social, and of numerous other public buildings in this and other cities of Mexico.

Active member of the group which founded the Taller de Grafica Popular, he has given most of his time to multi-copy mediums, his prints and paintings having figured in its collective exhibits. The present is the first one-man show of this distinguished artist's work to be presented in this city. It includes a large portable mural panel, titled "Veracruz, 1914," twenty paintings in oil and a collection of drawings and prints.

PAINTINGS in oil and other mediums by four gifted young women—Celia Calderon, Juana Olivos, Fanny Rabinovich and Paulina Trejo—comprised the unusually interesting exhibit presented during the first fortnight of last month by the Galeria Arte Moderno (Plaza Santos Degollado 16-C) While on the whole their expression is guided by the contemporary Mexican trend of social realism, the work of each reveals a sincerity of purpose and a striving for individual utterance. Of the twenty-four exhibited paintings, "Velorio," by Celia Calderon, and "El Callejon de la Amargura," by Fanny Rabinovich, are truly outstanding.

Following this exhibit, the Galeria Arte Moderno presented a collection of drawings by Hector Xa-

We take pleasure in presenting to
the People of México our Cordial
Congratulations on occasion of
the 10th Anniversary of
National Independence

México, D. F.

September 16th

1 9 5 0

The Mexican Light and Power Co.

vier. Almost entirely lineal in structure, Xavier's drawings are distinguished by their classical purity and a deep plastic expressiveness.

LANDSCAPES in oil by Juan Fabregat were offered last month in a one-man show by the Circulo de Bellas Artes de Mexico (Avenida Juarez No. 58) Paintings on a variety of themes by the Italian painter Giuseppe Borgognoni, who has been residing in Mexico for many years, comprise the current exhibit at this gallery.

A COLLECTION of lithographs by the genial Frenchman Honore Daumier may be seen during this month at the Sala de la Estampa of the Palacio de Bellas Artes. The art of Daumier exercised a profound influence on the popular native illustrators and newspaper cartoonists of the past century, who in turn influenced some of the most prominent among our contemporary painters.

Probably for this reason, the National Institute of Fine Arts is presenting at this time at the Cervantes Gallery (Corner Heroes and Esmeralda) an exposition of prints by Constantino Escalante, S. M. Villasana and Santiago Hernandez, three Mexican lithographers of the 19th century, whose mordant cartoons illustrated political pamphlets and newspapers of that era.

THE painting by Armando García Núñez which is reproduced on the cover of this magazine, as well as those which illustrate the article by Guillermo Rivas, will form part of the comprehensive exhibition of this distinguished Mexican painter's work at the Circulo de Bellas Artes (Avenida Juarez No. 58) during the second fortnight of this month.



because of the acknowledged "LIVERPOOL" standard of QUALITY, GOOD TASTE and FAIR PRICES, as well as the traditional COURTESY of its entire personnel.

Av. 20 de Noviembre & V. Carranza
Mexico, D. F.

IF IT COMES
FROM
EL PUERTO DE

LIVERPOOL

IT MUST BE
GOOD

L'heure attendue
THE AWAITED HOUR

The Best Paris has to offer

NOUVEAU PARFUM
JEAN PATOU Paris

THE FIRST NEW PERFUME BY JEAN PATOU IN TWELVE YEARS

Un Poco de Todo

Continued from page 35

purchases are necessary to bring this nation's stockpiles up to levels essential in event of an all-out war.

The money thus turned loose will benefit Britain, Belgium and the Netherlands, as well as many Latin-American nations, and enable them to build up their dollar and gold reserves.

Those who hold that Federal spending is merely a temporary palliative insist that the fundamental weaknesses which existed in international commerce at the end of the last war are still present even if expenditures for raw materials achieve a balance this year and next. A special staff of advisers to the President, under the direction of former Secretary of the Army Gordon Gray, continues its studies with a view to finding some way of avoiding a recurrence of the world economic crisis which made the Marshall Plan necessary.

Patterns of an Old City

Continued from page 15

for the trip, he says, because he knows that I would have to pay my fare back, and I took him up on the offer. They are planning on starting next Monday... But now, with Amy's illness, I am afraid I'll have to give it up... You see, it's not only the hundred bucks I might pick up for the drive. I had an idea that if I could take a little time off in Los Angeles, I might look around and see if I can find something there... I've really got to do something, Harry. It's more than four years now that I've been trying my damnest to get a foothold here; but it's been tough going. I've been thinking lately that maybe Mexico

isn't the place for me—that maybe I've gone stale here; that maybe, if I could make a full change—you know, get to a new place and start from the beginning, I could hit it off... If I only had the means to take care of Amy and the kids while I am up there looking around..."

So that's the salient theme this time, Purvis thought. That's the propitious justification, the build-up which will make the inevitable handout less awkward. Well, it's a new angle, anyway. I have to give him credit for that much resourcefulness. And as these thoughts passed through his mind, the ambivalent feeling of pity and odium aroused by his caller yielded to a single feeling wherein all trace of pity was crowded out by stark odium. He hated Simpson, hated his perpetual abusiveness and its implicit menace. He hated his own helpless submission, his patent cowardice in the face of this menace, and above all the unhappy circumstances which many years before had originated this permanent menace—the circumstances which he had lived down and forgotten and which were depressingly restored in his mind by Simpson's presence.

Simpson reminded him that a man can remake himself, can achieve a secure and respectable position, and yet can never fully live down his past, never fully detach himself from the hidden stigma of an error he had committed in his youth—that there is no conclusive remission for this error and that he must go on paying for it indefinitely.

* * *

It was in the autumn of 1932 and the country had just elected a new president who was going to do something about it at last. But this did not mean anything to Purvis. He had gone too far, descended too low, from his starting point to be able to stop or turn back. Besides, there was no place to which he could return. His home, the years in college, his father and sister, his pleasant job in the bank, the girl he intended to marry, were irretrievably lost. The girl married someone else. The bank was closed. His father's business—insurance and real estate—was bankrupt, and so was nearly every other business in the town. It was a time of suspension, of closing doors, of inertia and despair.

But a young man of twenty-three cannot fold his hands and wait for something to happen. There is always the hope that conditions might be better elsewhere. He still had his car then, a 1928 Buick, and he could raise a few dollars for gas by pawning his camera and watch. He had covered nearly a thousand miles in a month, but he found no job. He sold his car for a hundred and ninety dollars and kept moving. When he had no money left for busfare

Preparations

LENDIAN

EXOTIC and
UNMISTAKABLE
CHARM

PERFUME
LOTION
POWDER
COLOGNE
TALCUM
BRILLIANTINE
SOAP



GOING

PERFUMERIA PARERA EIMARA-MEXICO

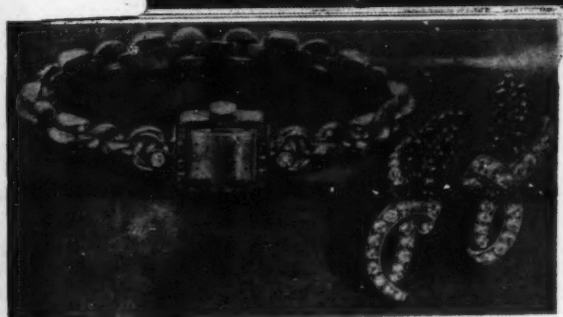
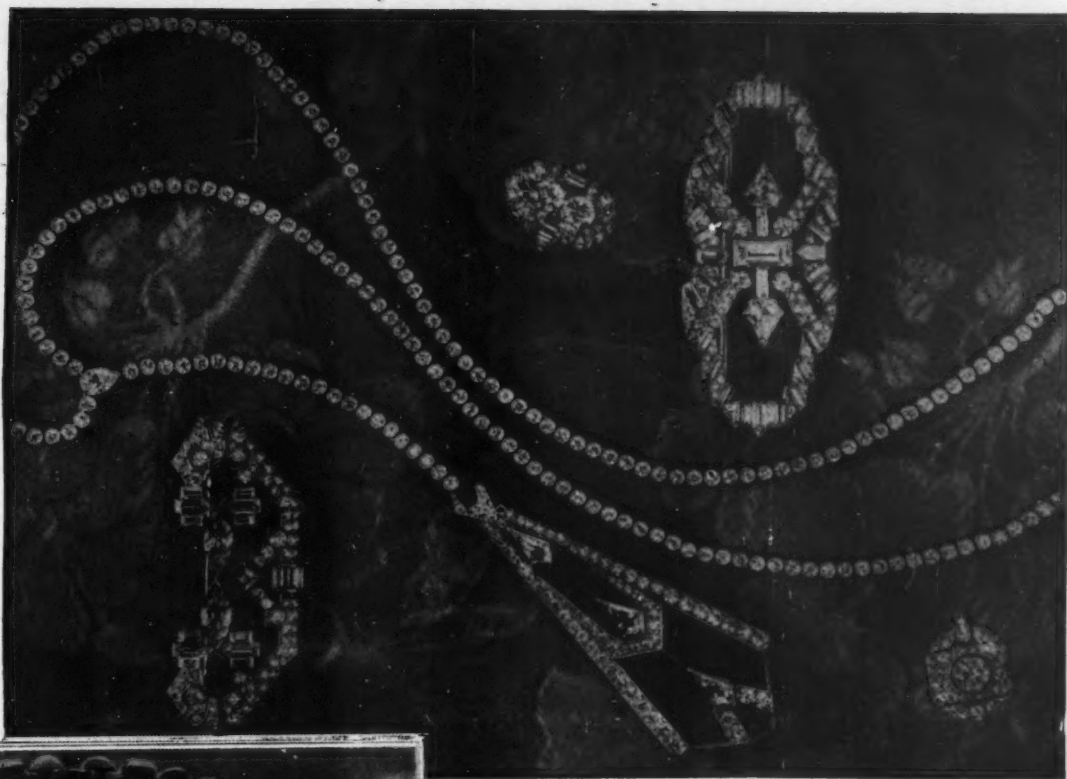
EVERYTHING IN RADIO



Radio Industrial

REP. DEL SALVADOR 9-B • MEXICO D.F.

ENGLISH SPOKEN



Diamonds of fine color and brilliancy
Jewelry and Watches of smart new design
Exclusive patterns of Sterling Silverware
A large selection of China and Glassware

GIFTS IN GORGEOUS ARRAY TO MEMOIRZE ALL
HAPPY EVENTS

Quality, Smartness and Variety
Moderately Priced

*You are Cordially invited to visit our
store and to view our Splendid Exhibition.*



GRAN Joyeria **Kimberley S.A.**

CORNER MADERO & SOLIVAR MEXICO D.F.



Modelos Robert

**Fine Ladies
Tailoring.**

*Exclusive Models
of the Best
English Material*

Bolivar No. 21, Office 109
(at the corner of Madero)

Tel. 18-33-45
México, D. F.

Designed by Modelos Robert

PERFUME
COCAINA
en flor
*Of irresistible
seduction...*

**PERFUMERIA
FARERA S.A.**
ESPAÑA - MEXICO

and had left his suitcase and its contents in pawnshops along the way, he kept going on foot throwing up his thumb at passing cars. Without purpose, without hope, he headed South, if only to escape the winter blasts.

Soon nothing mattered very much any more. It was difficult at first to say "Mister, can you help a fellow with a dime for a cup of coffee," but presently it was just work, hard work, that provided food of a sort and shelter in a flophouse. He learned how to sneak into a freight yard and wait in hiding for a train to pull out and how to jump on the run and grasp a hold somewhere, and how to avoid being slammed off by a brakeman, and how to get on with other men on the road.

He had met Simpson crouching in a gondola car of a freight train. They spent the night freezing, hardly exchanging a word, and in the morning they were put off near a town in West Texas. Like himself, and like thousands, hundreds of thousands of others, Simpson had not always been a homeless tramp. He too originally started out somewhere to look for a job. They were about the same age, though Simpson had been on the road the longest and was more experienced than he.

The town was hostile to beggars and tramps, and the marshal, who soon had his eye on them, warned them that they had better keep moving or he would lock them up. They passed the day without a bite of food, shivering in the cold, waiting along the side of the railroad track a short distance from town. That night they sneaked back into town and forced the back door of a grocery store. They had initially intended to get something to eat; but once they were inside and had filled a potato sack with canned foods they also took thirty and some odd dollars they found in the till.

They were picked up two days later in a town some miles away and on fingerprint evidence were sentenced to do two years in the state prison. Purvis got two months off for good behaviour and left the prison determined to make a fresh beginning. He firmly believed that a man could still lift up his head if he preserved his will and courage, and if he compelled himself never to stop and look back. He might have needed this respite, this reclusion from a world that had grown too repellent, so as to be able to face it again.

Through association with Mexican inmates he gathered a smattering of Spanish, and this enabled him to get a house-to-house canvassing job in the Mexican section of San Antonio. His earnings were small but he was making a living. He wrote Simpson suggesting that he might join him as soon as he got out, and the latter caught up with him presently. Soon, how-

**For Truly Good
Food**

BOTTOMS

RESTAURANTS and GRILL BARS

Select menu for Lunch, Dinner or an after-theatre
snack, Music, Charming surroundings.

at the corner of
Lerma and Melchor Ocampo
(Near the Chapultepec Park)

at the corner of
Niza and Insurgentes
(Near the U. S. Embassy)

ever, he realized that he would be better off alone. He had made up his mind to forget his unfortunate past and everything that had been connected with it, to create a new life for himself by entirely remaking himself, by enacting a part, by imposing upon himself a distinct personality, and this, he thought, would be easier in some new and unknown midst.

He found such midst in Mexico. Here he could truly begin anew. His past was left a thousand miles behind him. It was an uphill road that lay ahead, but he was not dismayed. At the beginning he made his living teaching English in night schools. Later he found a job as a traveling agent for an American importer, and at the end of three years, by the time he had thoroughly learned the business procedure, he set out on his own account. He was bold and ambitious then, for he was no longer alone. He married a girl of a worthy local American family, and had a clearly formulated goal in life.

During fifteen years Purvis unswervingly pursued his goal. His personality and conduct, his business and social relations and his family life comprised a consistent formula of success. And following this formula he became one of the most respected and admired members of the American colony. He was a member of the American, Country, University, and Bankers' clubs, as well as of various commercial associations, and his name figured in rosters of directing boards. Both he and his wife were prominently active in the sundry civic affairs of the colony, and they often entertained select gatherings of guests at their handsome residence in the Lomas.

It would seem that nothing could undermine his position of solid prestige, and yet Simpson's sudden arrival jolted him out of his complaisance. His past, long dead and buried, deleted from his memory, concealed from everyone around him, even from his wife and children, was restored to life. It suddenly caught up with him with Simpson's arrival. His security, his reputation, his enviable place in society, everything he had worked for and had achieved at such cautious and painstaking effort, suddenly seemed to have be-

**MAKE YOUR TRAVEL
ARRANGEMENTS WITH
RAMIREZ SIGHTSEEING
TOURS & TRAVEL
BUREAU**

(Agencia de Viajes Ramirez)

Av. Juarez No. 20, 1st. Floor

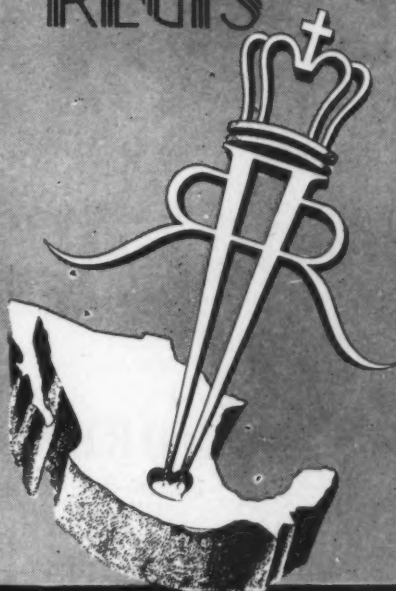
Tels.: 35-52-73 & 21-33-89

BRANCH OFFICE:

Av. Insurgentes 325

Tel. 11-12-19

HOTEL REGIS



In the heart of modern
MEXICO

300 Rooms Singles \$ 3.00 Up D.
Baths Doubles \$ 5.00 Up

(50 DE LUXE SUITES)

"Pool's" Main Dining Room "Capri" Superb Night Club "Taberna del Greco," Spanish Cocktail Lounge - Cafeteria - Beauty Parlor - Barber Shop - Turkish Baths - Indoor Swimming Pool - Motion Picture Theatre -

Bank - Travel Bureau - Garage.

A City within a Hotel

SERVICE IS OUR MOTTO

Av. Juárez 77 Mexico City.



"RIVAS"
SILVER SHOPS
FRENCH PERFUMES
LEATHER GOODS

HOTELS REGIS & M^{rs} CRISTINA

Av. Juarez 77 Lerma 31
21-23-60 14-92-90

PERSONAL ATTENTION TILL
10 P.M.



Buy from us and economize!

"LA COLMENA"

NATIVE COSTUMES - EMBOSSED LEATHER ARTICLES -
SARAPES - CURIOS

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

AVE. 20 de NOVIEMBRE 82-C - Tel. 12-82-41 - MEXICO, D. F.



TAILORING


ENGLISH & DOMESTIC WOOLENS

PERSONAL STYLES

MORENO

Ladies' and Men's
TAILOR

Paseo de la Reforma 95
Pasaje Latino 21-36-82
México, D. F.



MEXICO, D. F.

"CROSS ROADS OF THE AMERICAS"

RESTAURANT - SODA FOUNTAIN
HAND HAMMERED SILVER
MEXICAN SILVER JEWELRY
PERFUMES - MEXICAN CURIOS
DRUGS AND SUNDRIES
CAMERAS - FILMS - DEVELOPING
CANDIES AND CRYSTALWARE
LADIES' AND MEN'S WEAR

SANBORNS

Av. Madero No. 4 México City

come precarious. With Simpson near him he felt that he was no longer a free man.

* * *

"So you think you might try your luck in Los Angeles, George," Purvis said. See if you can't hit it off better up there..." And a sudden thought crossed his mind that it might not be a mere pretext, that it might be actually sincere, and that now at last he was probably facing an opportunity of riddance. But he was careful not to betray this thought. "Well, I'll tell you," he said deliberately, striving to conceal his eagerness. "It might not be a bad idea. Business, I understand, is pretty good on the coast and jobs must be plentiful. You'll lose nothing by trying. And if Amy must have an operation, it would be much better to have it done there... If it's a question of expense money, I'll be willing to stake you, keep you going till you get settled... I really hate to see you go, George, but if you must... well, the least I can do is to help you with the costs..."

Simpson's little eyes brightened avidly. "Say, that's swell, Harry," he said. "That's perfectly swell. I really hate to... but I... I calculate that about five hundred dollars—if you can spare that much—should be enough for everything, for the trip and the operation, and to keep me going while I am looking around. It's a big chunk of money and I hate to ask you for it, but it will..." He paused and looked at Purvis probingly. "...It will get me away from here. And once I am gone, I don't suppose you'll ever see me again. I am sure I won't be coming back any time soon."

Purvis found himself unable to make a fitting reply, beyond murmuring, "Why yes. Yes, of course. Why..." Then, while thinking, God, I hope he isn't lying. I hope the bastard will never come back. I hope he'll croak along the way. I hope I'll never see him again, and striving to appear calm and composed he got his check-book out of a drawer and with a hand that trembled slightly wrote the check.

At Puntarenas . . .

Continued from page 23

up the street for several blocks to a green building. He ushered us into a room that looked like anything but a Port Captain's office to us. There were no soldiers at the door to snap to attention and salute, nor any officials dressed in gold braid and packing forty-fives. In the center of the pleasantly furnished room there was a large table, with big easy chairs placed round it. A smiling middle-aged man in shirt-sleeves came forward, extending his hand. "Won't you be seated—and what will you have to drink?" he said in excellent English.

"Listen, Señor," I said slightly irritated by my inability to get the so necessary formalities over with, "we have been trying for the last half hour to present our papers to the port officials." I went on to tell him that we hadn't passed quarantine; we had no shore permit; we had no...

"Don't worry about it," he laughed. "I am the Port Captain. We know all about you in Puntarenas



MAKE SHOPPING A PLEASURE AT THE
MEXICAN FAIRYLAND HANDICRAFTS

MALINCHE

MADERO 57 interior

After a tiring day

BOVRIL



**restores
you**



When the long wearing day is over
at last a cup of Bovril is cheering and
refreshing—Bovril's beefy, energising
goodness banishes exhaustion and las-
situde and sets you up wonderfully.

REMEMBER, BOVRIL makes delicious
sandwiches, and improves all dishes.




Visit Romantic Veracruz

AND ENJOY ITS ROMANCE TO THE FULLEST

at the

VILLA del MAR HOTEL




FACING THE SEA AND AN ENCHANTING BATHING BEACH
amid beautiful gardens.
EXCELLENT RESTAURANT AND BAR • TENNIS COURTS, GARAGE
PERFECT TRANQUILITY AND EVERY MODERN COMFORT

MARIO DANILO REMES: MANAGER

Whatever the make of your car,
bring it to us for
REAL EXPERT SERVICE

AUTO DISTRIBUIDORA, S. A.
Edison 15 México, D. F.



...the home of
Lincoln and Mercury
in Mexico City.

MODERN

PALM-WEAVE FURNITURE

in Mahogany or Pine

for Value- and Quality-Conscious People
Come and see what a difference
a few pesos can make.
You will be agreeably surprised.
We pack and ship.

MUEBLES AUSTIN'S

Avenida Juárez 105-A (Near Caballito Statue)

—we have been hearing about you for over a year. If I remember rightly you were supposed to arrive here some time last year. And your papers—we won't bother about them just now. Welcome to Puntarenas and to Costa Rica. The country is yours, and we hope that you can remain with us for a long visit."

We had been hearing all the way down the coast that Costa Rica was a friendly country, and now believed it. Some of our past troubles we told the Captain. He explained the difference by saying that Costa Rica was not a country torn by internal strife; there was no necessity for soldiers parading the streets. Costa Rica's pride was her efficient police force. He hoped we'd stop by their headquarters on our way down town. Certainly we should hear their Saturday night concert in the plaza—it was well worth listening to.

"How about going up to San José?" I questioned. "Will we need a permit to go that far inland?" No, it was not necessary, he replied—everybody knew who we were. While it was true that Costa Rica was strict about permitting foreigners to remain in the country, still there was no necessity for putting visitors through a lot of red tape.

We finally prevailed upon him to sign our papers—for the record—but instead of walking all over town to get clearances from the immigration, the customs, and other officials, the Captain merely telephoned them, announcing the Vagabunda's arrival. He informed us that when we were in the neighbourhood of the various offices—and had time to spare—they would be glad to fix up any papers. And that was our introduction to official Costa Rica. When he had finished telephoning, the Captain suggested that we go to the cable office and meet the manager, Mr. Cotter, who had a pile of letters for us.

We walked down the wide cement walk that paralleled the water front, and into the well-kept yard of the All America Cable office, where Mr. Cotter

RANCHO TELVA

Hotel TAXCO.

OWNED BY WELLS FARGO

Typical Rancho Hospitality




We specialize in HAND-MADE
LADIES HANDKERCHIEFS.
Largest assortment in Mexico



El Pañuelo

Bolivar 24 Close to Borda Arcade



NACATAMAL

is the place where you can
enjoy the most delicious
Choice of

TYPICAL MEXICAN FOOD

Come Over!
OAXACA N° 41
Eric. 28-71-83

greeted us with a smile. He had received cablegrams about us from several offices along the coast. He also had a stack of mail for us. Mr. Cotter's family had moved inland for the duration of the rainy season, which was due; and since he had more room than he knew what to do with, he invited us to make our home with him at the cable office.

He detailed his man to help us. The Port Captain also sent down a couple of men to help us unload the canoe, which was brought round in front of the cable office. In a short time, we were comfortably installed in a lovely room and the Vagabunda stowed away in the backyard. During the process of unloading, newspaper reporters and camera men appeared. They wanted to know so much that we told them to come back in half an hour when our work was finished and then we'd try to answer all their questions.

After that was over, we went for a walk round the town. Puntarenas is built on a long, low sand spit of the same name, Punta Arenas, which runs out into the gulf. During the spring tides, half the town is under water, and boats are used to traverse the flooded sections. There are many trees, but few flowers, for the salt in the sandy soil prevents their growth. Most of the buildings in the main part of town are well-built adobe or wood. Puntarenas boasts a club, which is built out over the bay. For an admission charge of about eight cents (gold) any one may use its private bathing beach, which is enclosed with a stout wire fence to keep out sharks. An esplanade, lined with shade trees, benches, and soft drink stands runs along the beach.

Everywhere we want people spoke to us and were friendly. Their difference from other Central Americans was marked; in Costa Rica the population is predominantly white, blondes are not uncommon. And

BRASS

Angles
Round Bars
Square Bars
Hex Bars
Polished Sheets, in
Rolls & Sheets
Wire, Half Hard & Spring
Pipe Fittings
Rectangular Bar
Riverts
Tubing, Round and Square

*For better prices
and
for the best service*

L A P A L O M A
MEXICO, D. F.

Mesones No. 33

Apartado No. 7304

12-77-72 — 35-01-32

Telas para Muebles y Cortinas, S.A.

Drapery Fabrics

BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER AT FACTORY PRICES!
BROCADES, GOBELINS, DAMASKS, BROCATELLES, SATINS.

Luxurious fabrics suitable for draperies, furniture, bedroom ensembles, slip covers, in a beautiful variety of colors and patterns, for modern or traditional decor.

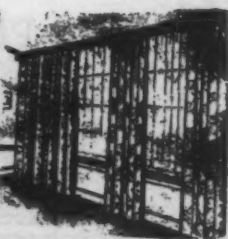
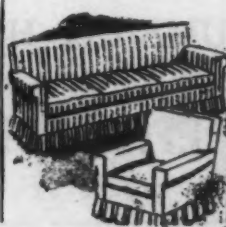
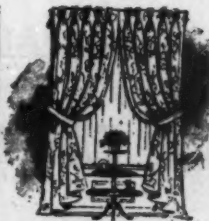
THESE FABRICS ARE AS FINE AS THE BEST IMPORTED
and are the kind decorators use to create rooms of distinction.

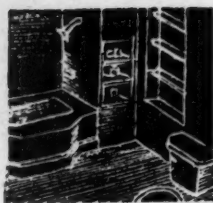
BUYING FROM US YOU SAVE FROM 25 to 50%.

Sales and Exposition Rooms: ARTICULO 123 No. 37-C
(Cern. José Maria Marroquí. - Tel. 10-39-89)

Factory: Pte. CARRANZA 157-BIS, Coyoacán, D. F.
Tel. 10-53-86

BRANCH IN MONTERREY, N. L.: Padre Mier Pnte. 319
Tel. 81-10





La Parisiën

AVE. ALFONSO 116. - TEL. 36-71-12-MEXICO, D. F.

**PLUMBING!
HEATING!**



IF PLANNING TO BUILD
YOUR HOME—CONSULT US.

La Parisiën

ALL PLUMBING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING—DONE

EFFICIENTLY! EXPERTLY! RAPIDLY!

the women are beautiful! Unlike most Latin American women, they keep their figures after thirty.

We wanted to go to Cochos Island, a Costa Rican possession, but to get there we had first to secure official permission. Captain Pinel, Chief of the National Boats, said that if we went to the capital, San José, to see the President, we could undoubtedly secure the necessary permit. The following Tuesday we were up early for the trip. The train that was to take us looked like a beautiful little Christmas toy in comparison to the big, black monsters that mean locomotives to a North American. There is nothing inefficient, however, about the neat, clean, narrow-gauge railway system of Costa Rica. We left Puntarenas on time, and were soon headed for the capital.

Our train stopped at every little village on the way. The scenery was magnificent—great, well-wooded valleys and mountains, and little cleared farms as neat as a pin. We climbed steadily, and soon noticed the change in temperature.

At noon we stopped for lunch at a tiny village where women came through the train carrying trays loaded with good things to eat. They had nearly everything imaginable in the way of tropical produce. There were vendors with delicious fried chicken, hard-boiled eggs, tortillas, fruit drinks, coffee, avocados, candy, and so on.

In the afternoon we wound up a huge canyon, cut by a deep gorge, through which flowed a tempestuous, tawny river, its colour indicative that the rainy season had already started inland. We crossed over a great bridge to the other side of the canyon, and passed the flume that carries water to Puntarenas. At two o'clock the train pulled in at San José de Costa Rica.

A big reception committee waited for us on the platform, but when we heard "Where are the canoeists?" we ducked through the train and out the station's side entrance. For some reason panic always seized us at such times; and we could never think of anything to say. But some one saw us and shouted, "There they are," so, as gracefully as we knew how, we went back, answered questions, and shook everybody's hand.



Scappino

CRAVATS DE LUXE
For the Gentlemen of Today

Av. 16 de Septiembre 5—local 3
Av. Juárez 36, Av. Madero 12
Puebla, Pue. Av. Reforma 303
Monterrey, N. L., Hotel Monterrey Bldg.

Transportes "Monterrey-Cadereyta-Reynosa", S. C. L.

FIRST and SECOND CLASS SERVICE.
MIXED and EXPRESS

*Offer the Best Continuous Service
in Northeastern Mexico —along the
route of Monterrey— Matamoros.*

OUR EXCELLENT CARS
ASSURE ALL THE MODERN
COMFORTS OF TRAVEL.

SAFETY - LUXURY

Attention—Buick Owners—



Before starting on your trip you should have your Buick inspected by this authorized Service Station

English speaking Management.
We handle the best American Brands
of Motor and Lubrication Oils.

SERVICIO BUICK, S. A.

RAMON GUZMAN N° 100
(Two blocks from Reforma)
Erie. 18-40-84 - Mex. 36-72-14

AMBULANCE SERVICE

The most delicate patient can be transferred in complete comfort and security.

EFFICIENT SERVICE ON HIGHWAYS

We do not transfer contagious cases.

GAYOSSO

AV. HIDALGO NUM. 13
35-80-13 18-05-80



Elegance

AND HIGHEST QUALITY

*at a price that
gladdens your purse*

When you visit Mexico's newest Smart Shop for Gentlemen you will be agreeably surprised how elegantly you can be outfitted at a nominal cost. You will find here ready-made suits of excellent materials, sport coats and slacks, Shirts, Neckwear, Undergarments, luggage—everything you need at lowest introductory prices.

PAY US A VISIT!



BRISTOL, S.A.

JOSE GUAL, Manager.
Aguiles Serdán No. 29, Corn. Cuba
(Next to Cine Mariscala)



**Expert Lubrication
Service**

Is essential for prolonging
the life of your car.

We offer the most modern equipment in
City, manned by experts in

PERFECT LUBRICATION

... and the same is true of all other service—
mechanical, body repair, upholstery, paint, etc.

Authorized Chrysler, Dodge, Plymouth, De Soto
Service and Repair. General - Popo Tires

SERVICIO CENTRAL, S. A

BALDERAS No. 136

MEXICO, D. F.

We went to the Hotel Europa, where we had planned to meet Señor Carranza, our host in San Juan del Sur, only to find that he had had to leave the day before. When the clerk informed us of the tariff, we too left. The rate was twenty colones (\$3.00 gold) per day. For us, that was out of the question. We found an excellent room, with board, in a private family for four colones (60c) per day. It was modern, clean and comfortable; and the family was charming.

The events of the four days that we spent in San José run together in our memories like colours on a piece of cloth. For almost twenty-four hours a day, we were either going places or being entertained.

The American Minister to Costa Rica, Mr. Sacks, invited us to tea, but we had to send our regrets because we had no suitable clothes. We could manage well enough in the ports, but our clothes were out of place in San José, which is four thousand feet above sea level, and very cool. People in San José wore dark, formal clothes. My white pants and shirt and Ginger's print dress were hardly the thing. We explained in our note of regret why we did not feel able to come—since we had to have some reason for refusing. Within the hour we received another note, worded in such a way that a refusal would have been the height of bad manners, inviting us to tea the following day. We really wanted to go, but we felt conspicuous enough without turning up at a tea party in tennis shoes. The papers had printed our pictures all over the front pages, and every time we went on the street, people turned and stared. "Ah-h-h, los señores de la canoa!"

The following day at tea time, we presented ourselves at the spacious two-storey American legation, and were ushered through big rooms with winding staircases and beautiful furnishings, out into the walled garden, where Mr. and Mrs. Sacks, with their legation staff, awaited us. We stopped, and for a moment could hardly believe our eyes. Every person present was dressed as we were! The men wore white pants, with their shirt sleeves rolled up; and the women wore print dresses. It was a gesture that we will never forget.

For both of us the afternoon was perfect. The garden itself was beautiful, with orchids and myriads of other brilliant tropical flowers. Two gorgeous macaws had the run of things. Their special delight was to climb on the arm of your chair, and deftly relieve you of the sandwich that you were about to eat.

When we were ready to leave, Mr. and Mrs. Sacks walked back to the door with us. The late afternoon was turning chill, and when they observed that we had come without wraps, they promptly produced warm coats for us to use during our stay in San José.



TAXCO SILVER-TYPICAL
CLOTHING-LEATHER
GENOVA 73 MEXICO, D. F.

Special in TAXCO Silver,
in Alligator, Calf, Pigskin &
Typical Clothing, the best
Hand-tooled Bags.

See our craftsmen at work.

MEXICO VIEJO

"Old Mexico Shop"

Genova Street No. 73

Around the corner from Hotel Genova



"Bris's"

FINEST HAND-MADE BLOUSES
Gloves, Exclusive Gifts, Fine Silver
Genova 71 - Tel. 35-35-03

Around the corner from Hotel Genova

The President of Costa Rica received us graciously, gave us permission to go to Cocos, and presented us with an autographed, hand-painted seal of Costa Rica. Then we visited the big brewery, where they broke open a keg of beer and produced pretzels. Thus, when we finally got on the train for Tuxtla, we were dizzy with the excitement of those four days.

Bits of Talk and Music . . .

Continued from page 14

dition the troubadours gave was of "Valentina," perhaps because Zapata was their hero.

Valentina, Valentina, dead-drunk I lie at your feet.
If they are going to kill me tomorrow
They might as well kill me now."

I glanced within the dim-lit waiting-room and saw it was a quarter past midnight. Evidently the youths were waiting for the two-thirty train from Laredo, which was to pick up our car and drop us off at Querétaro. "We'd better give them some money and get along," I said to Esperón.

"If you don't know 'Tears of My Heart,' I wanted you to hear it for a last one. It's a prime favorite at gallos. The boys have probably sung it a thousand times. That's the way they make their living—serenading at night for swains who themselves have no voice."

The troubadours were delighted with the request. We moved closer to them. The seated fellow moved an inch over on his box so that his companion could put his foot more firmly on the edge. He plucked at his strings with a passionate despair, and his face, with the tight-shut eyes, became a mask of desperate longing.

"Of what value is life
If I cannot be your sweetheart?
Why do I love you so much?
Why, why do I love you with such blindness?"

His comrade moved back a little, and the faint light from the waiting-room door reached the boy's face. I caught Esperón's arm questioningly. But there was no doubt about it—the boy was blind.

We thanked the singers and gave them some money. I had to reach down and catch hold of the blind boy's hand to put the paper note in it. He passed it on to his companion in a manner of perfect trust in one's friend. We said "Buenas noches" and strolled back to the car. "Well, Providence was kind to give him some musical talent," I said.

"Yes. In Mexico it will always get him food and shelter."

The amiable porter, who was still up, brought us a glass of cool beer for a nightcap.

MARCOS E. MORENO TYPEWRITER REPAIRS



My 14 years experience as Master Mechanic with the Remington Typewriter Company is your guarantee of satisfaction.

WE BUY, SELL and EXCHANGE

NEW and USED TYPEWRITERS of ALL MAKES. We clean, rebuild and repair all makes of typewriters and "Monroe" Calculators on a strict guarantee.

ARTICULO 123 No. 7-"C"

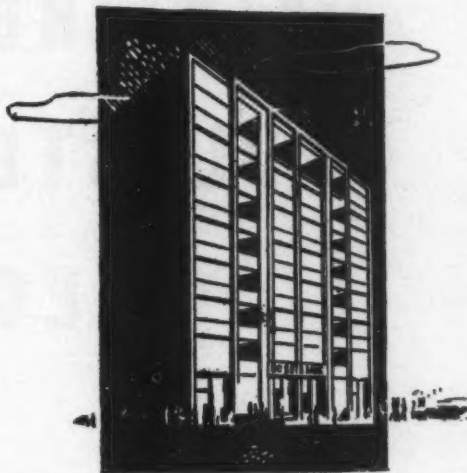
Tel. 13-25-38

México, D. F.

Hotel De Soto Arms

Ramon Guzman No. 96, Mexico City, D. F.

ARTURO SOTO REYES, MANAGER



Centrally Located . . . Modern
RESTAURANT AND BAR
100 ROOMS — 25 SUITES — 100 BATHS
PENT - HOUSE — GARAGE
TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM
Your Home in Mexico City.

PRESENTING the
INTERNATIONALLY
FAMOUS CUISINE
at the
NEWLY LOCATED



CADILLAC

RESTAURANT BAR

Now at

MICHELET, Corner MELCHOR OCAMPO 351

EVERY SUNDAY BULLFIGHTER'S

BRUNCH

served from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.

PAINTING PLASTERING DECORATION



**STRESSING THE HIGHEST IN QUALITY
AND THE LOWEST IN PRICE.**

If you are building or renovating your home,
store of office building, and would like a truly first class job in
plastering, painting and decoration, we are prepared to do it.

We employ an expert personnel and highest quality materials. All our work carries a strict guarantee of complete satisfaction. No job is too big or too small for us, and if you will ask for our estimate you will find that our prices are lower than the usual
It will pay you to see us before you close your contract.

"DECORACION MODERNA"

PAINTING, PLASTER WORK and DECORATION

Marcelo No. 19, Colonia del Valle, Mexico, D. F.

Tel. 23-42-12

"The Revolution was like a hurricane, as the song tells, wasn't it?" I said. "And many of the men like driven leaves."

"Men fought and killed each other without the foggiest idea of why they were doing it. They would change sides without the slightest compunction, often merely to be with the winners and looters. Both sides had propagandists writing of sacred principles. And both sides destroyed property merely for the satisfaction of destruction. Yet of course the Revolution had to come."

"I myself have seen things since the Revolution which you wouldn't believe. One day I saw a man sitting on the roadside in so dismal a mood I stopped my horse and asked if I could do anything for him. He shook his head with a terrible apathy. 'The boss wanted me to leave my place,' he said, 'where I had once worked for him. To make me go, first he killed my horse. Then he killed my ox. And now he has had my wife killed, when I walked to the village to buy something to eat. Thank God we had no children.' I saw this with my own eyes and heard it with my own ears."

The Captain's great dark eyes dilated with indignation and pity. Then his taut fingers relaxed around the glass. "Anyone who loves Mexico," he said quietly, "stays with his heart broken."

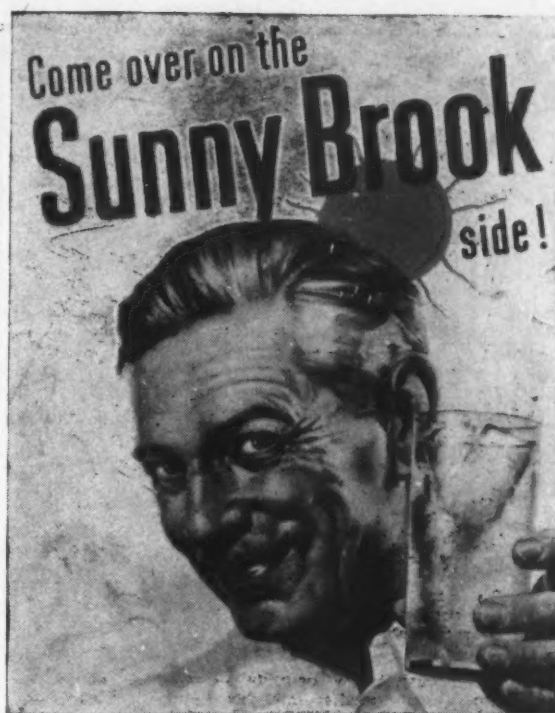
We drank our beer. Esperón went on speaking, as if thinking out loud. "It was bad to have to have the Revolution. Gunfire is not good for Mexicans. It brings out something terrible in them. It frightens me to see the way Indians react to shooting. As soon as a soldier hears a shot he gets excited—the most humble one gets terribly excited and sometimes starts yelling. But the Revolution had to come, though thousands upon thousands were slaughtered unnecessarily. The peon himself did not mind walking into a pistol. He had nothing to lose by death, he said. "Esperón got up from the table. "Shall we turn in?"

HAMBURGER HEAVEN


AVE OAXACA 33

is not only famous for its
INCOMPARABLE HAMBURGERS and COFFEE
But also its **BREAKFAST.**

Eggs, scrambled in cream and butter, with little
sausages, toast and coffee \$ 3.50



Come over on the
Sunny Brook
side!

 "Cheerful as its Name"
OLD SUNNY BROOK
Whiskey A product

of National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.
Reg. S.S.A. No 21585 "A" Prop. B-24

Always—We are able to offer you selected listings of the finest México City apartments and houses.

(Furnished or Unfurnished)

Also a splendid assortment of sound
Real Estate Values.

BRANCH AGENCY

RAQUEL BRANCH, Prop.

14-11-79

Niza No 50

35-73-55



The oldest manufacturers of Drapery Hardware
in Mexico

Beautifying your Home?

When you decorate your home, don't
fail to install KIRSCH draw-cord

CURTAIN RODS

Sold by the leading stores in Mexico.

The Best the World Over.



Licenses of KIRSCH Company,
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.
for the manufacture and distribution
of Kirsch products.

Xola Blvd. No 112, Alamos
Telephone 19-25-22



The land that offers what the tourist wants for relaxation and enjoyment!

Exotic customs and beautiful surroundings, sunshine, music, color, comfort and hospitality! Where the modern and the old set up beautiful contrasts and life seems to move leisurely.

Come over its completely paved Highways of magnificent scenery and drive free of care by using MEXOLINA, the new high octane anti-knock gasoline especially intended for the motorists who demand the best.

Mail the coupon below today and join free of charge the Pemex Travel Club, and write for any information desired.

ENJOY LIFE VACATIONING IN MEXICO

PETROLEOS



MEXICANOS

PEMEX TRAVEL CLUB

Ave. Juárez 89, Mexico City, Mexico.
Please send me your complimentary motor travel material on Mexico, as well as your free Club membership card emblem.



HORR Y CHOPERENA, SUCS., S. A.
Av. F. I. Madero 40

Artists Attention!

Winsor & Newton
colors. Artists' Supplies

"Well, this little town where the first revolution was conceived seems delightfully at rest now," I said. "Even the *sinsoniti* is asleep. It's a charming place. I hope it doesn't change too much—too soon. I'd rather like to bring my wife and live here for a year or so."

"It seems like a supergood place to retire to," Esperón said, "or to rest up in—or write a book in—or where a fellow might paint some pictures."

"Mexico's coming along," I said, getting up and stretching. "Don't you feel more hopeful about it?"

"Oh God, yes! But there will be ups and downs. Cárdenas got it on the right track. But he saw the reverse side of the medal. He knew he couldn't get things adjusted in his own short term. He had human beings to deal with—it's a job for generations. Civilization is a tracky thing. I believe Confucius was about right. He said the final test of a civilization is the human product—whether it produces a good son, a good husband, a good brother, a good friend."

"Say a good individual, who is careful not to hurt another's feelings?"

"Exactly." He smiled and drained his glass standing. "Hasta mañana."

"Buenas noches."

This is my House . . .

Continued from page 12

"Asi es la vida," remarks my husband, behind me. "Such is life—that is the same tune they were playing yesterday for Tina's wedding."

At dinner, I present my experiments hopefully: garbanzo soup, roasted tepezuintle in hot chile, avocado salad and the inevitable frijoles or brown beans which, like tortillas, are present at every Mexican meal. Roasted squash seeds, mameys, and orange-leaf tea complete the menu.

My husband and Juan and one of the impromptu guests we often have, all eat heartily and I congratulate myself on the triumph. It is an Aztec meal.

Importation of Mattresses is PROHIBITED. CALWAY.

at its PLANT IN MEXICO, builds of finest materials and perfect workmanship the aristocratic Calway inner spring Mattresses.



\$235.00
\$282.00
\$305.00
\$365.00 \$449.00
\$390.00 y \$499.00

See the Great assortment of Box-Springs and Mattresses at MADERO 70 & LETRAN 39

FACTORY OF CANDELABRA
WITH PRISMS
AVE. COYOACAN 19

PHONE 23-31-43
COL. DEL VALLE MEX. DF



Let your Bathroom
reflect your good taste

WHEN THE HOME that was planned so carefully is really open—you realize as never before the significance of all its refinements. No room in the house is more expressive of your good taste than the bathroom. This truth has always inspired Crane craftsmen. Crane bath-room fixtures are graceful in form, flawless in finish, perfect in quality.

Every development in fittings, every modern trend in design, every wanted pastel tint is available in Crane fixtures for any building budget. See them at our exhibit rooms in all their splendid variety.

C R A N E
BATH-ROOM FIXTURES

FOR THE HOME, APARTMENT BUILDINGS, HOSPITALS—
WHITE OR IN COLORS

CIA. SANITARIA DE MEXICO, S. A.

Maestro Antonio Caso No. 76 (Form. Artes)

Tels.: 35-16-66 - 16-43-96

Mexico, D. F.



Halt!
Are you
a regular
subscriber
to

Mexican Life?

A yearly subscription represents a saving of 25% over the newsstand price as well as an assurance of receiving your number promptly every month.

Rates. In U. S. A. or Canada
—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents
for one year. In Mexico—12.00
pesos. In England and on the
Continent—Five Dollars.

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS SUBSCRIPTION
BLANK NOW!

MEXICAN LIFE

Uruguay, 3 Mexico City Mexico
Please send me "MEXICAN LIFE" for one year starting
With the (issue)
I enclose \$..... (check or money order)
Name
Address



CALOBAR SUN GLASSES
REST YOUR EYES

Optica Mazal

Av. Madero 54

México, D. F.

"CAFE DE TACUBA"

The only One of its Kind

Variety in Native Dishes

TAMALES and Tropical Style CHOCOLATE
Open after Theatre Hours.
Splendid Mid-Day Meal.

4a. Tacuba, 28

D. MOLLINEDO

prepared with Aztec implements, and I am childishly pleased that I achieved it.

Afternoon

Swaying gently, idly, in the hammock in the sala—the big front room. There is a slight breeze between the two enormous, open window-doors and it is almost cool here, in spite of the burning heat outside. The thick adobe walls are wonderful insulation. Maximilian, the puppy, has flopped on his belly near the door, legs out in back like a polywog, the better to absorb coolness from the tile floor. The streets are empty and the front of the house so quiet that one can almost hear the lizards darting in and out of crevices between the bricks.

As usual, Luis is sacrificing his siesta hour to teaching Juan to read and write. They are working on the veranda table. Juan is now beginning to put syllables together and I can hear the two voices chanting, "Va-ca, bo-la." The occasional surly comments of Carlotta, the parrot, interrupting them at intervals.

The newest mother hen sails into the room, her ten tiny chicks in tow. With much fussing and scratching, she settles herself in a corner and now she looks like an anchored ship, her arrogant head for the bow and her elevated tail for the aft. The chicks perched on all decks, above and below... All farm life being new to me (and to my husband, as well, except for a few years in early childhood) the details of animal life, of birth and death and mother care, are still miracles to us.

AGENCIA ADUANAL ENRIQUE C. PRADO

Customs Brokers and Forwarding Agents

Main Office: Mesones N° 73, Desp 4.

Apartado Postal 1668 MEXICO, D. F.

BRANCH OFFICES:

LAREDO, Texas.

515 Santa Maria Ave.

P. O. Box 863

TAMPICO, Tamps.

Edificio Luz, Desp. 414

Apdo Postal. 892

NUEVO LAREDO, Tamps.

Av. Escobedo N° 410-412

Apdo. Postal 115

VERACRUZ, Ver.

Independencia N° 18

AGENCIAS MARITIMAS DEL PACIFICO, S. A.

STEAMSHIP AGENTS

Gante 4, Office 306, Mexico, D F

Eric. 12-99-44 - Mex. 35-50-71

BRANCHES AT:

Mazatlan, Sin., Manzanillo, Col., Acapulco, Gro.,
Salina Cruz, Oax.

Hotel VALLES

90 miles N. of Mexico City
20 miles S. of Monterrey

CIUDAD VALLES, SLP

The over night
stop after a long
day's drive.



Beautifully appointed rooms. Unexcelled food. First class
Bar. Swimming Pool. Garage and Filling Station.

CAMPOS MEXICANOS DE TURISMO

Ing. Pascual Ortiz Rubio, President.

I move slightly, the hammock sways gently; I close my eyes and almost sleep. Almost but not quite. Suddenly I remember the "Contented Wife" verse on an old hooked rug my Boston aunt once showed me. I have not thought of it for years but now it pops into my mind, complete:

This is my house, this is my hen,
My apple tree will bloom again.
Well blessed am I, nor is this all,
My lover's handsome, strong and tall.

The lemon tree is already blooming... Through the open door I can see the black head and gleaming, ruddy-brown shoulders of my husband who has removed his shirt in the mid-afternoon heat... I smile, and then in spite of myself, I am sleeping.

Late afternoon. "Ahora, becerros!" cries Luis in a clarion voice. And the calves come docilely but with a kind of slow stubborn dignity all their own, to their sheltered private dining-room at one side of the corral.

Zopilotes, the Mexican black buzzards, float overhead, graceful in flight though ugly and clumsy in repose. The air is a still, warm bronze but the peak of the day's heat is over. I move my chair on the veranda into the shadow of the kitchen ell and bring my sewing basket. Carlotta, half-asleep, is talking to herself in a disgruntled voice but I cannot distinguish the words.

Carmen, one of my god-daughters, aged twelve, has come to inform me that she cannot stay for the English lesson we had planned, since "it has forgotten itself to her" that her mother desired her assistance in their little store this afternoon. (Ah, the lovely impersonality of the Spanish language—in which one can shift to the irresponsible neuter even so personal a thing as forgetting!)

After the calves are fed and before the bulk of the cows come wandering home, Luis takes his beautiful long white guitar from its nail on the bedroom wall and comes to sit on the arm of the big chair where I am sewing. My eyes brighten, for I love this more than anything. He sings the slow, sad, "La Barca de Oro" (The Golden Ship), and then a quick, blood-stirring, foot-tapping huapango, "El Toro Requeson," and after that, the fascinating, almost weird "Llorona" (The Crying One).

While the crimson and purple heavens change slowly, like a parade of Wyeth paintings, I listen, my sewing lying idle. All the laughter and tears and beauty and violent passion of Mexico are somehow contained in these ranchero songs and there is nothing else quite like their haunting magic.

Genuine
Scotch Whisky
exclusively
comes
from Scotland



**JOHNNIE
WALKER**

BORN 1820 —STILL GOING STRONG

Johnnie Walker is a veritable Scotch
Whisky of supreme quality

John Walker & Sons, Ltd. Scotch Whisky Distillers.
Kilmarnock.

Exclusive Distributors in Mexico:

PEDRAGES y CIA. Sucrs. S. de R. L.

Dr. I. Ma. VERTIZ No. 301 - "B"

MEXICO, D. F.

Reg. S.S.A. No. 2680 "A" Prop. B-7

LAYNE & BOWLER, Inc.

Memphis, Tenn.

Deep Well Pumps.

ALLEN-BRADLEY COMPANY

Solenoid Motor Control

HOSKINS MANUFACTURING CO.

Electric Furnaces, Pyrometers,
Chromel Wire

Representatives for Mexico City

ELECTROMOTOR, S. A.

Dolores No. 28, Mexico City



GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Fire, Robbery, Plate Glass, Travel Accident, Property Damage, Workmen's Compensation, Automobile,
Aviation Hull, Boiler Insurance, Marine & Inland Marine, General Public Liability.

SAN JUAN DE LETRAN No 9

Tels.: 18-27-83, 18-35-82, 36-26-85, 36-28-86

MEXICO, D. F.

OFFERING

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
FINEST ENGLISH WOOLENS AND
UTMOST IN STYLE, QUALITY,
INDIVIDUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP




Kent
S D E R L

UNDER THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF
MARIO CHAVEZ
CUSTOM TAILOR
FORMERLY OF 5th AVE. NEW YORK

ARCADE OF ALAMEDA THEATRE JUAREZ AVE. NR. 34



HOTEL DE LAS AMERICAS
Acapulco, Mexico

"The Finest Resort in thousands
of miles along the Pacific"

Wonderful Food and Service
World's Finest Fishing
Olympic Salt Water Swimming Pool.

"LA BOCANA"
RESTAURANT - NIGHT CLUB

is the most romantic spot in Acapulco...
Dance on and underneath the stars...

Information and Reservations Office
LOBBY HOTEL DEL PRADO
Tel. 10-01-04

Rates: Singles, 45 pesos, doubles 80 pesos, daily

Suddenly Luis jumps up and goes to help Juan with the cows. The sun has set, the sky is a delicate violet, the cows stand like still lifes of themselves in the dusk. Anselma has come to prepare the simple evening meal. I move reluctantly to go to consult with her, the song still ringing in my ears:

If I could climb to heaven, llorona,
I would bring the stars down to you,
I would put the moon at your feet, llorona,
And crown you with the sun...

Evening

The night is a deep purple. A blue luminousness hangs over the mountains. One by one the many stars of the tropical sky begin to flicker, and the air is cool and sweet. The bougainvillea glows with a deep, rich magenta. I stand in front of the house, absorbed in the soft beauty of the evening.

Shadowy figures are strolling in the street below, their sandaled footsteps softly echoing, their musical voices low. There is a sudden blare of song from the cantina down the street, mingled with the more remote sound of the band in the plaza. Sunday—and the public dance in the plaza. The mild night life of the village is beginning.

"Do you feel like a walk?" asks Luis, beside me. "I told Augustina we would take her the seeds she wants."

"Oh yes!" I run to get the seeds and turn out the lights, while my husband puts the night lock on the corral door. Anselma has just gone, with her usual chirping, "I come, eh? Until tomorrow."

At the neighbor's, we are urged to eat again, which we cannot do. We sit on their wide veranda, overlooking a cool, deep ravine. The tree tops are almost within reach. For a while, the talk is of crops, of cattle diseases. Maiz... zacate... viruela... the voices are murmurous in the quiet night.

FOR FOUNTAIN PENS
CASA FRANKENS

Sales & Repairs.



The oldest
in the City.

DONCELES 90
Phone 12-02-90

We stock
all makes.
We exchange
old pens for
modern ones.

PASTELERIA MADRID

EXQUISITE SPANISH
PASTRY

5 de Febrero 25

Tels.: 35-13-58
18-42-57

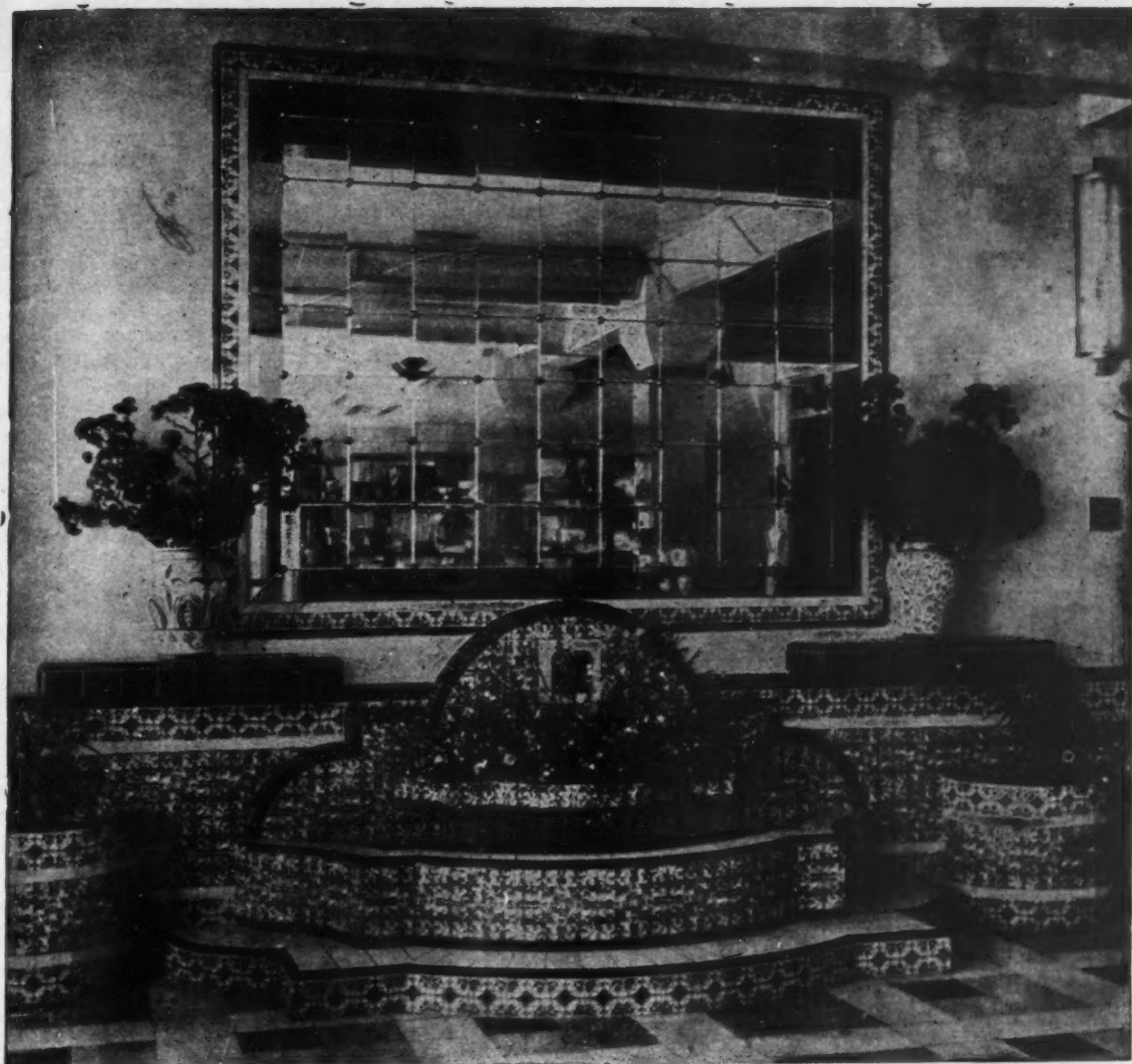
OPTICA METROPOLITANA, S. A.
THE PLACE TO HAVE
YOUR EYES EXAMINED



Av. 16 de Septiembre 3

Efficient Professional
Service

Complete Selection of
Frames



To Beautify Your Home

IN the traditionally Mexican Colonial architecture, ceramic tile sets the keynote. Its infinite variety of coloring and design offers the home-owner unlimited opportunities for the expression of taste and personality. For the bathroom or fireplace, for the garden bench or patio fountain, there is nothing that can take the place of glazed and colored tile.

Let your own good taste select from our endless assortment of rich and glowing patterns just what you need to complement any decorative interior or exterior plan. Visit our spacious exhibit salons and we shall be happy to assist you with definite suggestions covering your specific requirements.

MO SAICOS Y GRANITOS, S. A.

AUTHORIZED DISTRIBUTORS FOR

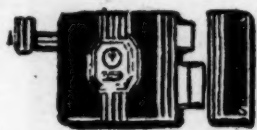
AZULEJOS "EL AGUILA", "PROCESA" and "MONTERREY"
WE ALSO CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF PLAIN,
WHITE OR COLORED TILE.

AV. INSURGENTES No. 488

Tels. 11-29-67, 37-34-65, 19-73-59

MEXICO, D. F.





To Engineers,
Architects and
Builders

For
Door Latches,
Locks,
Bolts,
Hinges,
Knobs, and
Clasps

VAZQUEZ

See me before
you buy.

Jalapa 89, Apt. 4
Tel. 14-66-95



33

Restaurant Bar

Av. Juarez 20
(IN THE REAR)

A scorpion crawls slowly along the railing of the veranda. I should call attention to it, or kill it myself, but I cannot bear to interrupt the conversation. I watch its progress lazily, until the tail with the deadly sting disappears between two bricks in the adobe wall. A dog barks hoarsely from the ravine below. The baby cries within the house and Augustina disappears silently and comes back hugging it to her. She sits down near me, bares her sculptured brown breast for the baby's feeding, and the quiet voices of the men go on and on.

Later, in a pause in the conversation, we hear the frequently repeated announcement on the radio: "He who knows has the obligation to teach; he who does not know has the obligation to learn."

Augustina goes away again and brings back the children's school marks and the maps they have drawn. They are surprisingly good maps. I point out the place where I have lived in the United States and the children study it, pondering. The maps suddenly mean a little more to them. "It is far," they say finally. "It is very far."

Finally we get up reluctantly. "Well, we must go."

"Already you go?" They come to the door with us and talk a little more, quietly, in the darkness in front of the house. The street is silent. Later, there will be a few drunks returning noisily home, but now all is quiet. The millions of stars are very bright.

"Until soon. Go with God."

The benediction falls sweetly in the night. The dark closes around it, seeming to give it a mysterious significance. We move off, stumbling a little on the slippery cobblestones, like the drunken man in the funeral procession. The roads of the town, leading out into the hills, are touched with moonlight, with enchantment. A breeze passes through the wide leaves of the banana trees, making a pattering sound like rain. A lonely donkey brays.

We turn a corner and see, far down the street, the one light I have left behind the grilled window of the front room. We come to the house, feeling happy to be back, after even so short a journey. My husband takes the enormous key from his pocket. We are home.

In the bedroom, I arrange the pabellon—the tent of mosquito netting which is suspended from the high ceiling and which must be tucked snugly under the mattress of the bed to keep out the malarial mosqui-

CASA ROYAL

FINE LUGGAGE and LEATHER GOODS
BAGS, PURSES, BILLFOLDS

THE SMOKERS' HEADQUARTERS
PIPES, CIGARS and CIGARETTES
of all best brands

Ave. Madero N° 23 - México, D. F.
Tel. 12-44-21

"Plateria Olga"

is now at your orders at

Avenida Insurgentes No. 277

Offering the finest workmanship in

SILVERWARE at \$ 260.00 per KILO

and a most extensive assortment
in JEWELRY

tos. The baby chicks who sleep in one corner of our room have wakened from the light and are sleepily peep-peeping. My husband takes one last look at the cows and brings up the milk pails for the morning.

From far away, the band in the plaza is playing again. I climb into bed last, deliciously weary, and tuck in the flap of the mosquito tent.

"Buenas noches, mi amor," comes from the other side of the bed.

"Buenas noches, mi vida. Do you suppose that tomorrow will be as nice as today?" I ask, not mearing the weather.

"Peep-peep-peep," replies my husband drowsily, meaning that he, like the chicks, is on his way to sleep, and anyway never indulges in idle speculation.

But I smile contentedly in the darkness, fairly certain that tomorrow will be another lovely day...

Blood and Sand at Night . . .

Continued from page 10

My companion on this occasion was an ardent bullfight fan from the capital who—like a hundred thousand more of his kind—never missed a corrida. We found a mob in the open square on which the great amphitheater fronted: flare lights, a band—like that of a circus puller-in—and a milling crowd about the holes in the wall which served as box office. Despite the fact that it was night, sol and sombre tickets were being sold. Both "sun" and "shade" customers were "frisked" for weapons as they tore up the concrete stairs between lines of heavily armed soldier-police. I soon came to the conclusion that I was in the turbulent center of a townful of "cutups" where rowdyism was looked upon as a joke. Pushing and shoving multiplied by ten thousand is truly a dangerous force. Having fought for and obtained a fairly good seat in the "shade," I thanked my stars that I was not sitting on the "sun" side of the ring. For the first time I could understand why no tourist or tender-foot should ever think of sitting in Sol seats.

PASTITALIA

We serve PREPARED DISHES of Spaghetti, Tallerini, Ravioli and Caneloni.

Home Delivery Service

CALLE DE LOPEZ No. 57-B
(Betw. Victoria and Ayuntamiento)

Eric. 12-44-57

Mex. 35-89-88



Now in Mexico . . .
**WHOLESOME AMERICAN
and
MEXICAN FOOD.**

Menu a la Carte
Commercial Lunch
Cocktail Lounge
Ice Cream and Pastries
made by us.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

GANTE 12

Leighton's

**WELCOME TO
"EL INCENDIO"**

where you will find the finest
and greatest assortment of

MEXICAN CURIOS

with a special emphasis on
CHARRO and CHINA POBLANA

COSTUMES and SARAPES OF EVERY TYPE

Hand-tooled leather, Silver, Copper, Onyx,
and a varied stock of Mexican

JEWELRY, WATCHES

ABSOLUTELY the LOWEST PRICES
Our reputation is built on 50
years of honest dealing.

EL INCENDIO

Av. 5 de Mayo No. 10

P. O. Box 76 50 Mexico, D. F.

TOURISTS AND VISITORS

TEJAMPA



IS THE PINNACLE OF MEXICAN LIQUORS!
Try it! Call for it by its name at all bar rooms!

Calle Arteaga 23. Tels. Eric. 15-38-78. Mex. 38-34-00. MEXICO, D. F.



Alejandro P. Carrillo
Bucareli No. 160.
México, D. F.

**MEXICAN ARTICLES
THAT COMBINE
ART and BEAUTY
with USEFULNESS.**

Wholesale Exportation since 1932

ATTENTION-STAMP COLLECTORS:
The best place in Mexico for
Stamps of Every Land, especially
Mexican. Large Variety.
Reasonable.

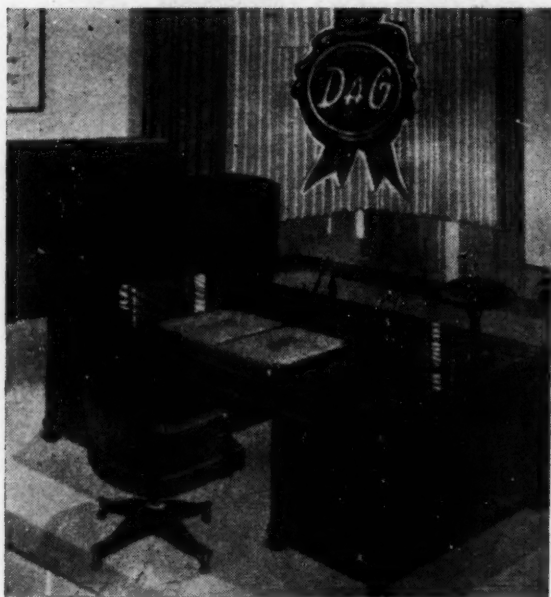
Nicky's Shop

**Ave. Juarez 18, office 202
(Across from Bellas Artes)**

Eric. 13-58-95

Mex. 35-05-99

Fine Office Furniture



THE BACKGROUND OF SUCCESS

Make your office the proper background of your business and yourself. You invite success when you work in inspiring surroundings... We offer the best office furniture that money can buy—at prices that are not higher than you pay for the ordinary kind.

Muebles de Calidad "DAG", S. de R. L.
AV. 5 DE MAYO 40-D
Mexico, D. F.

INVITATION

For Wedding Banquets, Dances,
Coming-out Parties, Celebrations,
Conventions or Lectures

MODESTO GUTIERREZ DIAZ

offers the Capital's society the
sumptuous, elegant and spacious

SALON AZUL Y ORO

of the

Club Hispano Mexicano

with a capacity for one thousand, five hundred diners
or a thousand dancing couples. Equipped with a modern
Sound System and a splendid parquet dance floor.

The Club Hispano Mexicano

includes, moreover, the most modern and elegant BOWLING COURTS in Latin America (14 Brunswick alleys), as well as ball-courts for the games of Pasabolo and Bolos de Palma, a beautiful out-door swimming pool, and a splendid Restaurant offering an exquisite daily table d' hôte service at the extremely low charge of \$4.50, and a special menu for Sundays and festive days at \$7.00.

We will be very happy to submit our estimate for any banquet or party you may be planning, without obligation.

CLUB HISPANO-MEXICANO

Bahía de Santa Bárbara N° 26
Telephones: 35-20-76, 16-46-00

I might mention that this was the famous All Souls' Day fight, always held in Morelia, and at night. It had long since got a bad name because it seemed actually, as well as religiously, that death hung over it, owing to the number of "accidents" and even fatalities connected with its history. Toreros had to be offered large sums and then often would send word at the last moment saying that they were ill. Furthermore, the bull in the night ring is always an unknown quantity. The bright lights are said to change his nature and his methods completely. He takes the defensive rather than the usual offensive, requiring quite another technique and doubling the danger.

The fight began and the killer made a pretty job of his splendid bull, which evoked a demonstration on the Sol, or workers' side, as it was honorably called. The torero was almost smothered by the showers of coats, hats and even trousers thrown into the ring in their frantic admiration. One of their number passed the hat and everybody contributed, nearly a sombrero full of centavos and pesos. The fighter acknowledged the gift praise of the mob with a courtly bow, precisely as it had been handed down, once an abject obeisance to the viceroys!

My friend was annoyed by the bulls. "They are erratic and infinitely more dangerous at night," he explained. "Because they often attack the man rather than the red cloak he flaunts—To my mind, it was this very element of the bull stupidly plunging at the muleta, instead of the torador who held it, that made the day fight a bloody bore."

To clothes your Children with Elegance and Economy—come to Mexico's Leading Specialists.

Beautiful assortment of Suits and Dresses—sturdy, smart, and perfect in workmanship.

GIFTS and TOYS

PAY US A VISIT!

Corn. López & Victoria
Mexico, D. F.



Rincón

INVALUABLE FOR YOUR REFERENCE LIBRARY

BACK NUMBERS OF

Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

Complete annual sets.

Handsomely bound in
maroon fabricoid covers

30.00 pesos in Mexico; 6 dollars
in U. S. A., Post prepaid
MEXICAN LIFE

Uruguay, 3

Mexico City



Going to Mexico?

Seasoned travelers say:

"The dependable way to travel is by train!"

There is no question about departure or arrival—the weather's always fine aboard an air conditioned Pullman, and Mexico's steep mountain grades and plateau levels are all the same to the big new Diesels which are maintaining an all-time "on time" record.

Aboard a train, each mile brings new thrills, amazing changes of scene close to your eyes and as far as you can see. You can marvel at it all, enjoy it fully, because you're unconfined, completely relaxed; cared for by the world's best travel experts—courteous train and diner crews.

Travel to "air-conditioned" Mexico City in Pullman
or deluxe-coach air conditioned comfort.

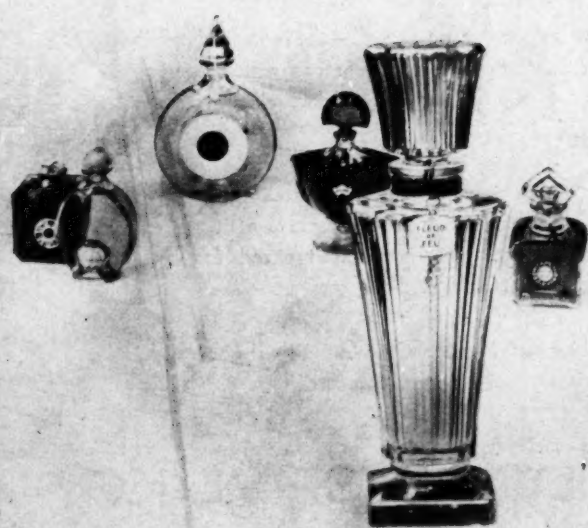
NATIONAL RAILWAYS OF MEXICO

F. Alatorre
General Agent
2401 Transit Tower
San Antonio, Texas

O.G. de Velasco
Assistant to Passenger Traffic Mgr.
Bolívar 19,
Mexico City, D. F.

YOUNG BEAUTIES
HAVE ALWAYS ADORED
PERFUME BY

Guerlain



... ever since the fabulous young
Empress Eugenie appointed
Guerlain
her court parfumeur.

While you are young, discover
your most beloved Guerlain
fragrances.

Guerlain Parfumeur, maison fondée en 1828

Registre Noms 21483 - 18832 - 18834 - 19826 - 18924 - 18834 T.S.S.A.

in